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—see page 318

MARCH 19, 1982

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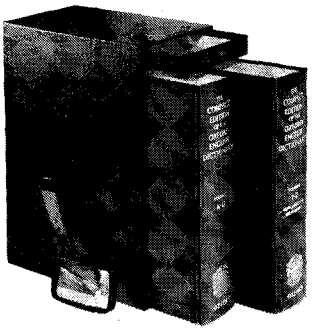

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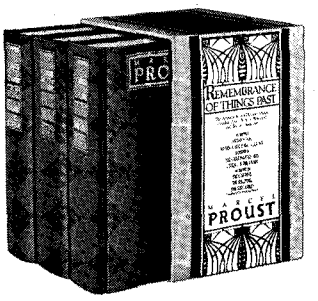

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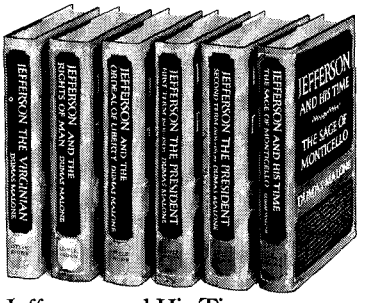
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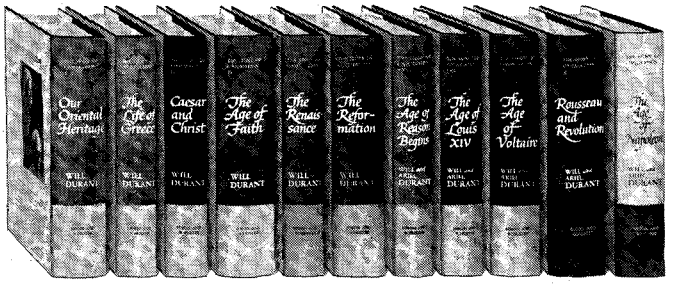

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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The Cover

282 Cry El Salvador

Democracy and peaceful change are impossible; such is the theme of Salvadorans with a vested interest in violence. It's nothing new, and the present situation is not at all so complex as to defy understanding, or hope. This time the peaceful forces are indigenous, and the Left, with outside help, is counting on terror, repression, and the failure of democracy. *John Kurzweil*

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Sack Volcker? Some Reagan aides are dying to. But what real difference would it make? *John McLaughlin*

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The Italian and Soviet Reds hate each other. Really. Not that they don't *help* each other. *Brian Crozier*

288 And God Created Evolution

"Prayer in public schools is not state religion any more than physics in public schools is state science. In or out of public schools, Creationism is not science and should go back to religion classes . . ." All clear now? *Richard de Mille*

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Meet Larry—no radical, but a man who has found it wonderfully convenient to shop among the available left-liberal attitudes until he finds those that meet his needs. Thoroughly liberated, he feels he's a victim even when shoplifting. *James Hitchcock*

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Cover photo by Jan Lukas

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Letters

Beg to Differ

What happened to John Lukacs? I was reading along, thinking, Okay, a lot of this is wrong, but at least it's plausible, until I came to "another kind of anti-Americanism" felt by people who think that "the United States itself is abandoning its adherence to Western civilization . . ." ["Open Your Eyes, for God's Sake," Mar. 5]. Who are these sensitive souls, these sturdy Westerners ready to read us out of civilization's ranks? Really, who? Olof Palme? Willy Brandt? John Paul II, who, when Solidarity got washed down the tubes, took counsel with Reagan? Solzhenitsyn, who lives in Vermont? John Lukacs, who lives in Pennsylvania? Yes, America has got problems; but we're still the last best hope of the free world, which is why the Brandts hate us, and the Lukacses wish us —or should wish us—well.

Roger Wing
Toledo, Ohio

Afghan Freedom-Fighters

We were pleased to see Bruce Chapman's article ["Afghanistan's Forgotten War," Feb. 5] on the activities of the Washington chapter of the Afghanistan Relief Committee. All too little press attention has been given to the world's largest single refugee population—the Afghans—whose tragic predicament is the result of their refusal to stop fighting for their freedom.

We would, however, like to clarify one point in the article. The address given is that of the Washington chapter of AR only. The national office is the Afghanistan Relief Committee, Suite 4100, 345 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10154.

Gordon A. Thomas
President
Afghanistan Relief Committee
New York, N.Y.

The Jaffa/Berns Debate

The Harry Jaffa/Walter Berns debate ["In Defense of Political Philosophy," Jan. 22] raises serious questions for all thinking conservatives. When does political philosophy become ideology? How does principle translate into political practice? Yet the debate is marred by its remarkable acerbity, and for those of us without a comprehensive grasp of political theory (or personal acquaintance with the authors) it is hard to judge these polemics "objectively."

As an old adage has it, when you can't think, substitute scholarship. I took a small but prominent part of Jaffa's article, his attack on an essay of Irving Kristol's entitled "The American Revolution as a Successful Revolution," and checked the references. An easy task; Jaffa doesn't footnote but Kristol's essay is very short.

Where Jaffa paraphrases Kristol, I was unable to locate the references. Nowhere does Kristol explicitly address the question of the relationship between the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution (Jaffa's central issue). But Jaffa claims that Kristol "substantially" took a stand on that relationship by saying the Revolution was successful only because its leaders ignored their own rhetoric. The connections here are a little dark, but apparently Jaffa means that Kristol means that the Revolution was successful because it culminated in a Constitution which was achieved only because its framers ignored the Declaration of Independence as a piece of unnecessary rhetoric. The evidence? Jaffa says: "'To perceive the true purpose of the American Revolution,' Professor Kristol asserted, 'it is wise to ignore some of the more grandiloquent declamations of the moment.' Of course, the quintessentially 'grandiloquent' declamation was that which began, 'We hold these truths to be self-evident . . .'"

The trouble arises when one examines Kristol's quote in full: "To perceive the true purposes of the American Revolution, it is wise to ignore some of the more grandiloquent declamations of the moment—Tom Paine, an English radical who never really understood America, is especially worth ignoring—and look to the kinds of political activity the Revolution unleashed."

Tom Paine, not the Declaration. In fact, this quotation is preceded by a longish discussion *in praise* of the Declaration, characterizing it as a notably sober document—hardly "grandiloquent." In light, then, of the context of Kristol's full statement, Jaffa's offhand "of course" is simply disingenuous.

In another place, Jaffa refers again to Kristol's essay. Explaining why he conducts his argument by "political rather than academic speech," Jaffa says: "Surely, this is necessary when someone of Irving Kristol's place and eminence solemnly declares that the American political tradition is 'an inarticulate tradition.' Would it not be fair to say that Irving Kristol became inarticulate, when confronted with the articulateness of the American political tradition?"

Unfortunately, the import of Kristol's statement is not quite what this expresses. Kristol says the American political tradition "*became*" inarticulate; a few pages

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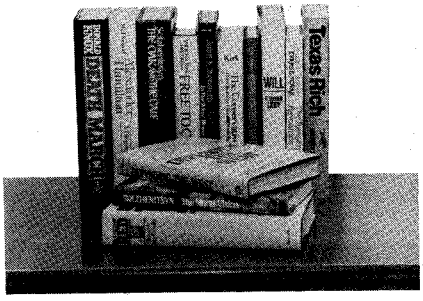

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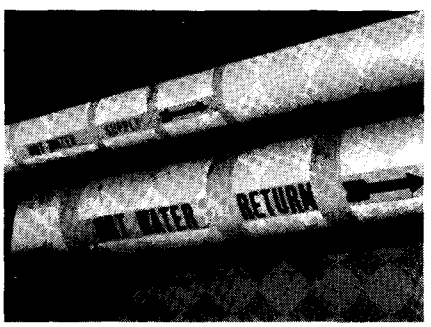

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later he praises the remarkable articulate ness of the Federalist Papers! His mean ing in context is clear: largely because th Founders successfully created a polity tha defuses dangerous passions, political think ing in this country has increasingly faile to articulate the moral and intellectua foundations of the American regime. Thi has led to a dangerous loss of public un derstanding and confidence—the whol thrust of Kristol's essay is to *recover* th articulateness of our tradition.

One may disagree with Kristol's analy sis, but Jaffa's snide dismissal is disconcert ing. It is no more fair to twist people's ar guments in "political speech" than it is i "academic speech," unless, of course, "po litical speech" is another term for old fashioned sophistry. Is this what Profes sor Jaffa wants to be doing?

Walter J. Lamm
Managing Edito
Journal of Contemporary Studie
San Francisco, Calif

Mr. Jaffa Replies

Mr. Lammi objects to my critical remark about Irving Kristol's bicentennial lecture "The American Revolution as a Success ful Revolution." His objections would be well taken, but for one fact: I substan tiated in painstaking detail everything I said about that lecture in my book, *How to Think about the American Revolution*. That analysis I incorporated, by reference, in the opening sentence of "In Defense of Political Philosophy."

Printer's Grammar

I can answer Mr. C. Dickerman Williams's question ["Congress and the Supreme Court," Feb. 5] on "how a word in an oral speech came to be italicized in a pub lished report." The italics were *not* used for "emphasis in the original," as he sug gested in brackets. The printer is showing he faithfully reproduced John Marshall's words, including Marshall's quoting of the word *exceptions* from the Article of the Constitution. From the Renaissance on, until well into the nineteenth century, printers set A's words, oral or handwrit ten, in type, and A's quoted words of B in opposite type, usually italics.

We still do this with titles (obviously someone else's words), and by extension foreign phrases (also not "our own"). When quotation marks came to be the ex clusive rule, I don't know. They freed ital ics to mark *emphasis*.

Robert H. Brophy III
Syracuse, N.Y.

Between the Eyes

In "The Week" [Feb. 5]—it's "Houston ians," not "Houstoners." Honestly, the provincialism of New Englandites.

Gene K. Bruce, MD
San Mateo, Calif.

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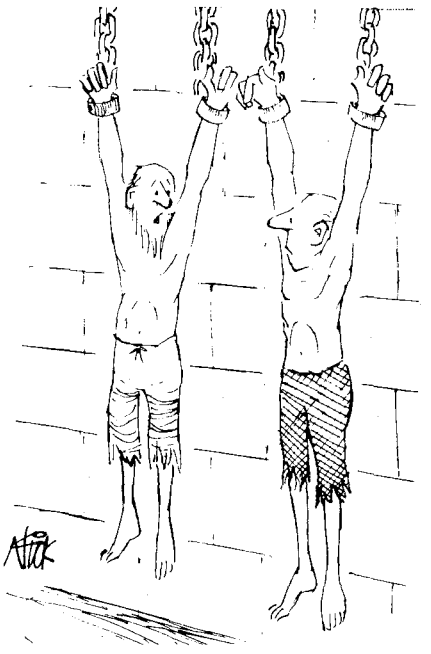
FOR THE RECORD

■ "**Mansfieldism**" is what it's called, and it's back in town, this time sponsored by the No. 2 ranking GOP senator, **Ted Stevens** of Alaska. Angry at Western Europe's decision to go ahead with the Soviet gas pipeline, Stevens says he may introduce a resolution to bring home some of the U.S. troops stationed in Europe. It's time to re-examine our commitment to Western Europe, says Stevens, in light "of the willingness [of Western Europeans] to become increasingly dependent on the Soviets." Stevens got at least tacit support from much-respected Democrat **John Stennis**, of the Senate Armed Services Committee, and two members of House Armed Services Committee, **William Dickinson** (R., Ala.) and **Bill Nichols** (D., Ala.). Asked Nichols: "[Is it] time to whistle up the dogs, put the chairs in the wagon, and tell the troops to come home?" Importance: Stevens voted against then-Sen. Mike Mansfield's two resolutions in 1974 to withdraw U.S. troops from Europe; Stennis has always been hard-liner on defense matters. . . . A second major problem on **Reagan**'s horizon is pointed up by *Christian Science Monitor* in review of this fall's gubernatorial races. *Monitor* sounding indicates Democrats have 2 to 1 edge in the 36 governors' races this year, and they start with a 27 to 23 lead. This could put serious crimp in Reagan's New Federalism, where cooperation and support of the governors is essential. Particularly gloomy is major hole in Midwest where GOP Govs. **Bob Ray** (Iowa), **James Rhodes** (Ohio), **William Milliken** (Mich.), and **Albert Quie** (Minn.) are stepping down or ineligible for re-election. . . . *Washington Post*'s **David Broder** is critical of congressmen who continue to criticize and deride the New Federalism. These congressmen, he says, "remain hostile to what is quite evidently a public desire to move power



Nick Rothco

"I didn't realize the penalty for early withdrawal was quite so substantial!"

out of Washington and into the states and communities. I guess the voters will just have to keep hitting them on the head until the message sinks in." . . . One set of figures you'll be hearing more about (but maybe not on network news), dug out by economic columnist **Warren Brookes**. What percentage of federal budget did **John Kennedy** spend on defense, what percentage on human resources, as compared to Reagan figures? JFK defense—47.8 per cent; human resources—25.1 per cent. Reagan defense—26.2 per cent; human resources —53.2 per cent. . . . Does Reagan still speak effectively to the people? A Cable News Network test of opinion in Columbus, Georgia before and after Reagan's **Caribbean basin** speech found 35 per cent in favor of more aid to Caribbean before speech, 64 in favor after it. . . . But Reagan has definitely lost support of Dr. **Bob Jones** of Bob Jones University, who claims that Reagan betrayed his trust by taking on "Mr. **Bush**, a devil, for his Vice President."

■ Political niblets: First poll since **Ed Koch**'s announcement that he's in the race shows him leading Lt. Gov. **Mario Cuomo** by 41 to 16: both after **Hugh Carey**'s job. . . . Former Hartford Mayor **Ann Uccello**, who made **Lowell Weicker**'s first nominating speech in 1970, has switched support to **Prescott Bush** in Conn. senatorial contest. . . . California State Sen. **John Schmitz** (running for Senate in Calif.) has been bounced from **John Birch** National Council, for extremism. . . . *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* says former Sen. **Adlai III** is running far behind GOP Gov. **Jim Thompson** in Ill., in terms of both fundraising and organization. . . . In neighboring Michigan, a newcomer in gubernatorial race is Republican **Dick Headlee**, who led recent successful campaign for a tax limitation amendment.

■ Remember Whisky-on-the-rocks, that Soviet sub that got stranded in Swedish shoals before Christmas? Well, its captain, **Aleksandr Gushin**, has just finished serving first two months of three-year sentence at hard labor camp near Riga. . . . **Portugal** is asking Russia, Poland, and East Germany to cut their diplomatic staffs in Lisbon by a third in protest against martial law in Poland; **Canada** says it will not extend any new commercial credits to Poland. . . . France has awarded its equivalent of the Oscar, the "César," to **Andrzej Wajda**, director of *Man of Iron*, the great film about the rise of Solidarity.

■ The **IRS** this year is ruling out detailed help to all taxpayers other than "the blind, the illiterate, and *members of Congress*." (Italics very much ours.)

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THE WEEK

■ A contest. NATIONAL REVIEW offers a modest prize to the first reader who can find a substantial newspaper or TV report about any proposed cut in federal social spending that does not dwell upon, interview, or sympathize with its poor, aged, crippled, blind, minority, starving, homeless victims. We'll double the prize if the report even hints at the plight of taxpayers. (Reports only, please; columns and commentary are not eligible.)

■ By a 57 to 37 vote, the Senate has passed two measures which for all practical purposes would put an end to racial busing. One of them bars the Justice Department from using the funds appropriated for busing litigation. The other forbids the federal courts to order children bused more than five miles or 15 minutes from home. The anti-busing majority was even larger than the vote indicates, some opponents of busing—for example, Senators Gordon Humphrey (R., N.H.) and Barry Goldwater (R., Ariz.)—voting with the minority on grounds of the separation of powers. The legislation now goes before the House, where pro-busing representatives threaten to use every possible parliamentary tactic to block it. Opinion in America, black and white, has long been overwhelmingly opposed to racial busing, which has wreaked serious educational and civic damage. That it has taken so long to achieve even this first-step Senate victory is testimony to the power of entrenched ideology.

■ An extraordinary development of the past year has been an influx of pragmatic good sense in the American labor movement. At bargaining tables around the country the leaders of some of the most muscular, most disciplined industrial unions are, with the backing of their members, negotiating two- and three-year contracts that by and large freeze wages, lower the rate of cost-of-living increases, cut back on fringe benefits. Instead of the old the-boss-against-the-worker stereotype, U.S. labor leaders and the men on the line have come to understand that high prices can be uncompetitive, that goods not sold will not be manufactured, that too many shiny new cars on the lots mean closed assembly lines from Maine to California. They are prepared to sacrifice not only to keep their own jobs but to get others back to work. Margaret Thatcher must be casting envious glances our way.

■ Neglected statistic of the month: the unemployment rate in Washington and vicinity. Although 23 states now have jobless rates high enough to trigger an extra 13 weeks of unemployment benefits under a complex federal formula, the District of Columbia is not among them; its unemployment rate is just too low. For the D.C. metro area as a whole, new Labor Department figures show joblessness running at 5.2 per cent, a tidy three points below the national average. Despite all the stories about heartless federal lay-offs, Washington seems to be as recession-proof as ever.

■ One of the major media projects has been to depict Senator Jesse Helms of North Carolina as some sort of Neanderthal buffoon who daily emerges from his cage to perpetrate some benighted outrage. This, however, is not the Jesse Helms known to Majority Leader Howard Baker, who recently took the opportunity on the Senate floor "to reiterate what I have said so many times from this place and that is that there is no senator in my memory who conducts himself more nearly in the traditions of the Senate and with greater effectiveness than the Senator from North Carolina. He is a pro."

■ Because of Interior Secretary James Watt's refusal, for reasons of Executive privilege, to give a House Energy and Commerce subcommittee the documents it desires dealing with the Administration's discussions of Canadian energy policy, the Democratic members of the House are threatening to cite Watt for contempt of Congress and send him off to jail. Watt, for his part, has vowed to go to jail rather than turn over the documents. As matters now stand, the subcommittee and the full Energy and Commerce Committee have voted to cite him. All that remains is for the full House to vote. Given the Democratic control of the House, and unless the Administration is able to work out a deal, Watt would be wise either to start packing or to change himself into a furbish lousewort.

■ After all the years of jokes about the decadent East, a poll by Opinion Research Corporation now proves it. The poll indicates that people in the Northeast are far more comfortable with central government

Yoo-Hoo, Senator Baker

You know what's best, of course, but still
The budget looks like Jack and Jill,
While you remain "intrigued" by what
Your colleague, Hollings, says he's got;
And last week, sir, I heard you tout
A surtax that would knock us out.
So please support the boss and *push*,
And do stop dreaming dreams. It's Bush.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The last weekend in February, the Conservative Political Action Conference (CPAC) held its ninth annual assembly in Washington, drawing some five hundred registrants to its sessions, and some 1,300 faithful to its banquet, at which their leader, Ronald Wilson Reagan, delivered one of his most galvanic stemwinders. It was a clutch performance for the Gipper, in that he had the cards stacked against him going into it. *Conservative Digest* had polled the conferees prior to the speech as to their judgment of Ronald Reagan's performance. They gave him two Ds, three Cs, four Bs, and one A-minus. For not having installed enough Reaganites in top jobs, he flunked. Likewise for his handling of Poland's debt. Unbalancing the budget drew a C-minus, likewise his treatment of Taiwan vis-à-vis the PRC. Social issues got a straight C, and Ronnie's only A was for his tax policy.

When troika member Mike Deaver got wind of the poll results (ostentatiously displayed in the Mayflower lobby), he phoned his outrage to Don Todd, executive director of the American Conservative Union, co-sponsor (with Young Americans for Freedom) of the event, and threatened to cancel the President's appearance. Reportedly, Deaver also conveyed his vexation to Nancy, which in turn upset her.

Bad report card or no, the President showed, and he wowed the gathering. We are standing by our programs, he told the conference, addressing it for the seventh time in its nine-year existence. We will not turn our back or sound retreat just as we near victory. Washington remains "a company town," he said, "and the company's name is government, big government. . . . I have no intention of leading the Republican Party into next fall's election on a platform of higher taxes and cut-rate defense." He called upon his followers to join him in a "new crusade" to wage battle against the "sob-sister critics" of his Administration, scorning those who anguish over a deficit when they have the means to relieve it (i.e., adopting the spending cutbacks he has recommended), "like a dog sitting on a sharp rock howling with pain when all he has to do is get up."

The audience roared its approval, and the bad report card was forgotten. Twenty-five times they interrupted the President with ovations. Operation quell turned into operation *agape*. "A Reagan love-feast," said ACU Chairman Mickey Edwards.

Now, if Cato wished to find fault, he could point to the speech's solitary defect, namely the false choice presented therein between a balanced budget on the one hand and a strong defense on the other. You cannot have both, the President implied. Well, rhetorical license, *sí*, sound logic, *no*. If the President had proposed a balanced budget *and* a strong defense, and if the Congress had declined to give it to him, then he might legitimately argue the point as expressed in his speech. But, in light of the overwhelming success of the address, this may be a cavil.

(Apparently, by the way, Reagan meant precisely what he said in the speech about sticking to his budget guns with no compromise, to judge from his White House conversations with Republicans of the House Ways and Means Committee and the Senate Finance Committee respectively before and after the CPAC address. Participants were well-nigh stunned at the intensity of his no-give determination. What is fueling that determination is Reagan's realization that psychology is at least as important to economics as economics itself. At all costs, then, the President sees himself obligated not to sound an uncertain trumpet—to which Cato would add amen and right on.)

As much as Reagan gained from his CPAC exposure, another official gained even more from his—Alexander Meigs Haig Jr. Scheduled for a twenty-minute address, Haig instead spoke and fielded questions for one hour and thirty minutes, a virtuoso display of self-jibing wit ("I talked about this speech with my aides yesterday, so most of you have probably read about it already"), ranging erudition, and shrewd political savvy. In the Q&A session, nothing and nobody was off limits, including the Council on Foreign Relations ("reflective of the Northeast establishment, but you'd be hard-pressed to call it subversive"—granted, Al), the Trilateral Commission ("European members are hard-line conservatives"—agreed, Al), and why no unilateral U.S. embargoes against the USSR and why no calling of Poland's debt ("options that make us feel good but would collapse because of lack of popular consensus"—try again, Al).

In the conferees' poll conducted before Haig's appearance, he scored lowest of all the Cabinet officers. Fifty-one per cent called for his resignation. After the talk, the same conferees gave him a standing ovation, and flocked around to chat. If more than 20 per cent of the original 51 per cent still wanted Haig's ouster, Cato would be surprised. With his total performance Haig pushed most of the anti-Haig folk at least into the jury-is-still-out category. Especially powerful was Haig's standing his ground for ninety minutes, ducking no questions, and having his answers—all literate and reasonable, if not acceptable—at the ready.

You will not have heard any of this from your favorite mass media. —CATO

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and federal taxes than are people in the South and West. The Federal Government was judged the "most efficient" in the Northeast, while Westerners placed local government first and the Feds last. Southerners made the federal income tax their overwhelming choice for "worst tax," while Northeasterners thought local property taxes were much worse.

■ One of the most effective opponents of U.S. aid to El Salvador is the National Catholic Conference of Bishops. But what do their Salvadoran brothers think about it? Of the six Salvadoran bishops only one, Bishop Arturo Rivera y Damas, has ever been against American military aid to his country, and just recently, to the dismay of his Maryknoll colleagues, he's changed his mind. He is quoted in the *National Catholic Reporter*, February 2, as saying: ". . . one has to take into consideration that this is not a domestic war, it is a geopolitical war." The rebels are being supplied with foreign arms, probably from the Soviet bloc, because "otherwise, the war could not have lasted so long." When asked if he felt the Reagan Administration should supply military aid to El Salvador, he said: "The context demands it."

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"On tonight's Channel 6 Report, we're going to hear about the effects of the cutbacks on some typical citizens."

■ The worst-case scenario for Rhodesia/Zimbabwe—a pellmell rush into socialism accompanied by nationalizations, confiscations, and police terror and by a flight of the white population—did not happen. Upon taking charge two years ago, Robert Mugabe packed away his radical ideology and preached conciliation. Around the tribal fires of night he might give way to bitter criticism of the no-longer-ruling whites, but that was only talk. Then, as his grip tightened on the controls, things started changing. Mugabe nationalized the media. He brought in North Korean military instructors to train a handpicked five-thousand-man security guard. Finally, last week, he felt strong enough to attack his archrival Joshua Nkomo, whose forces had also fought in the prolonged war against Salisbury. He threw Nkomo out of his government and threatens to bring him to trial for plotting a coup ("the only way to deal effectively with a snake is to strike and destroy his head"). Mugabe's goal, he now admits, is a one-party state. "It isn't traditional," he says, "to run our affairs on Western democratic lines." Whether Mugabe can dismantle the parliamentary government so carefully set up two years ago without scaring off the quarter of a million whites whose skills keep Zimbabwe afloat is another question. What happens in Zimbabwe will have a bearing on negotiations now under way over South West Africa's political future.

■ Reviewing the movie *Missing* (see p. 308), *Newsweek*'s David Ansen describes the theme as "the moral, political, and emotional awakening of one of America's silent majority. Ed Horman was a conservative New York businessman and a devout Christian Scientist [!] when he flew to Santiago to help his daughter-in-law look for his son. . . . He returns a changed man—closer to his son in spirit than he had ever dreamed. . . ." *The fellow has been personally touched by fascism . . . had his consciousness raised . . . has grown as a person . . . a middle-American zombie no more . . . lets his hair grow . . . sends money to Ed Asner . . . Whoopee!*

■ Pending the advent of the topless anchorperson, the most provocative news from the world of journalism is that the ratings of the *CBS Evening News* have risen since Dan Rather started wearing a sweater on the air. Gives him warmth. Maybe credibility too. It says a lot about TV's pretensions to journalistic seriousness that such a detail may save Rather's career. When was the last time any professional importance was attached to Abe Rosenthal's tie, Ben Bradlee's vest, or Bob Bartley's haircut? No wonder the tube is obsessed with Nancy's wardrobe.

■ After testing other themes in a two-year effort, Young & Rubicam, the nation's biggest ad agency, has created a nifty new slogan for the National Urban League: "Everybody deserves a chance to make it on their own." This, of course, is ungrammatical, and a flap now ensues about whether it should have been "his" (sexist) instead of "their" (oafist).

Battle of the Budget

Despite all the congressional cries of pain, it is difficult to see how something very much like the Reagan budget will not eventually prevail. Is it really seriously proposed that we now raise taxes, raise them during a recession—as Senators Dole, Hollings, and (sort of) Baker have been suggesting? The Hollings "alternative" budget would very likely increase levies on American taxpayers by some $200 billion during the next three years, reduce average family income by $4,000 per year, increase unemployment, cut Social Security benefits, and chop $83 billion from national defense. Those are the results of the Hollings "alternative" when it is run through a computer model of the economy. *That* is an *alternative*?

As President Reagan himself observed in a speech last month to the Conservative Political Action Conference in Washington, "If our opponents want to go to the American people next fall and say: 'We're the party that refused to cut spending, we're the party that tried to take away your tax cuts, we're the party that wanted a bargain-basement military and held a fire-sale on national security,' we'll give them all the run-

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ning room they want." (For other CPAC coverage, see "Letter from Washington," page 269.)

Perhaps not surprisingly, the Reagan budget is opening some cracks within the Republican coalition. These can be described in various ways, both theoretical and practical, but Old Republican *versus* Populist Republican would not—though a simplification—be wide of the mark.

For several generations of Republicanism, beginning in 1933, the GOP attack on New Deal spending took the form of demands for a balanced budget. In theory this was sound enough, and Republicans managed to fight and lose election after election on that basis.

Such Old Republican orthodoxy fought and lost within the party in the 1980 presidential primaries, and it went down to overwhelming defeat at the Republican convention in Detroit. Reagan, the Republican nominee, fought the election, and won it, expressing a quite different set of economic priorities.

In Reagan's initial appointments to the Executive Branch, the Old Republican orthodoxy was perhaps overrepresented. Under cover during his triumphant first year, it has now emerged to fight again. This budget-balancing orthodoxy, moreover—and paradoxically enough, from a historical perspective—is making strange allies among liberal Democrats who want to protect present levels of federal social spending by raising the taxes to pay for it.

Of course, Mr. Reagan does favor balancing the federal budget. In fact, he knows that we must move in that direction. But his set of priorities differs from that of the Orthodox Republicans, over whose prostrate forms he beat his way to the nomination.

Reagan's priorities aim at stimulating the economy and enlarging the role of the private sector. Next comes restoring the national defense. At this point in time, both of these take precedence over a balanced budget. In 1980, to repeat, Mr. Reagan did not run and win with a banker's perspective on politics. He ran as a stimulative supply-sider, that is, on the capacity of a revitalized private sector to create jobs and prosperity. It is always well to remember that Mr. Reagan did not mature as a Republican but as a New Dealer, that his priorities are not those of the Chamber of Commerce, and that in 1980 he brought the Republicans a victory that had long eluded the Orthodox Republicans, and which, indeed, they may not have deserved.

No one ever supposed that the transition to economic health from ten years or more of stagflation and economic decline would be a tranquil passage. And no doubt there will be some adjustments here and there in the Reagan budget. But if anyone has a plausible alternative to its main outlines, we have yet to hear about it. Nor do we see that Mr. Reagan is in need of political coaching from those he defeated so handily in 1980.

Lenin's Pet Hate

You'd think it was the businessman
With dollar signs for eyes,
Or bourgeois politicians who
Would always compromise.
But no, it was the socialists
Who really made him spit—
A judgment that has been confirmed
By Helmut ("Pipeline") Schmidt.

W. H. VON DREELE

Cancel What Tax Cut?

Long before the Administration unveiled its 1983 budget, it was clear what line of attack the critics would take: the "radical," "irresponsible" nature of the Reagan tax policy. And sure enough, a campaign is currently in full swing to get Congress to roll back, delay, or cancel entirely the individual tax cuts enacted last year (almost none of which have actually gone into effect yet).

Now the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia has come out with a startling study showing that, despite last year's tax cut, marginal federal tax rates for many earners are going up, not down. For many taxpayers, the tax cuts were not big enough to make up for the marginal effects of bracket creep and a rising Social Security tax base. Congress *has* in fact canceled most of the Reagan tax cut: it just did the canceling *before* passing it.

The authors of this new study, Stephen Meyer, senior economist at the Bank's research department, and Robert Rossana, a Penn State economist, conclude that "few taxpayers will face lower tax rates in 1983 than they did in 1980. . . . Most taxpayers will find that the trend of rising taxes will continue." Meyer and Rossana's study, aptly entitled "Did the Tax Cut Really Cut Taxes?" appeared in the November/December issue of the Philadelphia Fed's *Business Review*; revised and corrected figures appeared in the January/February issue.

Take a family of four that files a joint return using the standard deduction and that has an adjusted gross income that rises in step with inflation. If the family's adjusted gross income is $17,000 a year (in 1978 dollars) it faced a tax rate of 30 per cent on the marginal dollar it earned in 1980 and in 1981. This rate is dropping slightly—to 29 per cent—this year, but then will rise back to 30 per cent in 1983, according to Meyer and Rossana. A less well-off family, with adjusted gross income of $13,000 (1978) will send 24 per cent of its marginal earnings to Washington in 1983, the same share as in 1980. Up at the $40,000 level, the

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marginal rate will drop, but only by a little, from 43 per cent in 1980 to 40 per cent in 1983.

The really devastating news concerns the broad sector of the middle class around the $18,000-$25,000 level. The huge rise in the Social Security tax base, from $17,700 in 1978 to a slated $35,700 in 1983, has been slicing through this group like a machete, and its marginal effects much more than cancel out the tax cut. At the $22,500 level, for example, the marginal rate leapt from 28 per cent in 1980 to 38 per cent the next year, and by 1983 will drop only to 37 per cent.

Marginal rates are crucially important because they are the rates that directly discourage people from working, saving, and investing. If a tax cut is to give any supply-side stimulus, it must reduce marginal rates, not just the average tax bill. In any event, average tax rates have been rising sharply too—for most levels, they went up by about 4 per cent of adjusted gross income from 1978 to 1981.

There is no tax cut to roll back, no tax cut to delay, and no tax cut to cancel entirely. All there is, is a great treadmill on which panting taxpayers continue to jog and puff, a treadmill that President Reagan has barely managed to slow, and that congressional liberals propose to speed up by hiking taxes to new and unheard-of heights.

Let's Have Fireside Chats

It's high time for Ronald Reagan to revive one of FDR's most effective devices: the Fireside Chat. The situations faced by Roosevelt and Reagan, while different in many ways, are analogous in some important respects. Like Roosevelt, Reagan is struggling to bring about a major transformation in the relation of government to the American people. Like Roosevelt, Reagan is supported in his effort by a substantial majority of the voters, but faces implacable opposition on the part of all sorts of vested interests. Like Roosevelt, Reagan is a man of great personal charm and powerful qualities of leadership—attributes that are readily deployable through the electronic media.

In Roosevelt's day, of course, there was no television; but no political leader ever used radio to better advantage. Every few months Roosevelt would go on radio "coast to coast," ostensibly from his fireside in the White House, to tell the American people what was on his mind: what problems he was tackling, what solutions he proposed, and (when necessary, which was often) what opposition he was encountering. Try as they might, the Republicans were never able to devise an effective counter to the Fireside Chats.

Why shouldn't President Reagan adopt FDR's technique, on television and in living color, today?

As matters now stand, almost the only chance the American people have to see and hear their Chief Executive in an informal setting (i.e., not making a speech to some special group) occurs in those bear-baiting sessions called "White House press conferences." These affairs are increasingly becoming merely opportunities for well-known television newshawks (and newshens) to posture before their nightly audiences as pinning the President, figuratively, to the wall with their supposedly dagger-like questions. Mr. Reagan is forced to respond to topics of their choice, on the basis (at least initially) of factual premises they provide, and subject to all the hazards of misrecollection and misstatement that are endemic in such a situation.

In a Fireside Chat, Mr. Reagan could stress the subjects that he thought needed stressing, and state the case for his policies as only he can state it. No doubt the media's liberal-slanted commentators would try to dissect and refute such a talk as soon as it was over, and undoubtedly the Democrats would demand —and get—"equal time" to respond: something the GOP in Roosevelt's day had to do without. But the truth is that Dan Rather and Roger Mudd and Frank Reynolds are no match for Ronald Reagan, and certainly a Democratic team consisting of Tip O'Neill, Jim Jones, and Dan Rostenkowski would have problems collecting enough of an audience to show up on the Nielsen ratings at all.

President Reagan's program is too important, and its support among the American people far too wide, to permit it to be smothered to death by our slanted media. There is only one voice that can speak directly to the people, over the heads of the reporters and commentators, in accents that they can neither distort nor suppress, and that is Ronald Reagan's. If he is to win, for all of us, the battle to change America's direction, that voice will have to be raised regularly, where the American people can hear it. WM. A. RUSHER

Defense Posture

Colorado Senator Gary Hart, a Democratic presidential aspirant with carefully cultivated credentials in defense policy, comes across as a stumbler in a *Washington Post* interview on Western Hemisphere security. There his premises tend to unfold into contradictions. Though avowing opposition to totalitarianism, he cannot articulate what it is and tentatively offers Paraguay as the Hemisphere's only example he can think of. His position on aiding El Salvador is a mix of somewhat pro and more or less against. No such ambiguities cloud the views on military reform under the Senator's byline in a recent issue of *The New York Times Magazine*. Firepower attrition is out. Maneuver warfare is in. So says the article. Henceforward, the object must be "to destroy the enemy's cohesion—and the opposing commander's ability to think clearly—by creating surprising and dangerous situations faster than he can cope with them." Celerity and cleverness

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are what count. Sudden manifestations deep in an enemy's rear areas rather than slugging out the issue on a line of battle are the keys to victory.

There is a comforting sort of romanticism in that approach. The exemplars cited are not entirely apt, however. Stonewall Jackson—who got his nickname by holding ground in a pitched battle and earned his larger fame by marginal exploits for the losing side—is one. Britain's Admiral John Arbuthnot Fisher—who launched the policy of outbuilding imperial Germany 2 to 1 in capital ships—is another. These details, however, are only a cavil. The notion exemplified in the article enjoys considerable eclat at the moment. The question is whether it ranks as a practicable doctrine of warfare or is only an idea to toy with.

John J. Mearsheimer's "Maneuver, Mobile Defense, and the NATO Central Front" in the current issue of *International Defense* supplies a critical answer. "At first glance," he writes, "the case for a maneuver-oriented defense is very appealing: there is no need to spend large sums of money to strengthen NATO's forces, and there is the promise of a stunning, yet bloodless success. A close examination . . . reveals . . . a vague prescription so lacking in substance that its impact on future policy will be negligible. At worst, it is a formula for disaster." He cites the sobering "fact that there are no historical examples of a maneuver-oriented defense that has defeated an armored offensive," and he adds: "Given the unwieldy nature of modern armies and the attendant command and control problems, one cannot help but wonder how the defender is going to be able to move his forces so rapidly and intelligently that the result will be the unraveling of the attacking forces." Mearsheimer's conclusion is clear: what the maneuver advocates offer is an array of adjectives and abstractions insufficient to the defense of Europe.

Power (Really!) to the People

A major indicator for Ronald Reagan and Reaganomics is coming up in New Jersey. Jeffrey Bell, the Republican who eliminated Clifford Case in the GOP primary in 1978, is running for the seat now occupied by Harrison A. Williams, one of New Jersey's contributions to Abscam. With Williams out of the running, the race for his seat promises to be a political litmus test, reflecting on a local scale all the internal divisions that can be found in the Republican Party nationally.

Bell, to put it briefly, is a Reaganite. Ronald Reagan and he go back to 1974, when he joined the personal staff of Governor Reagan in California. But unlike others who have been close to Reagan over the years, Bell is firmly in accord with the President's supply-side policies. In a *Wall Street Journal* article, Bell wrote: "Reagan's populism shows in his deep belief that the mass of people will respond to new tax initiatives. His critics . . . liberal and conservative . . . are united in their belief that average people, if given big personal tax cuts, will respond either minimally or irresponsibly—by bidding up prices, rather than supplying new work and saving." Although the article appeared last spring, it is particularly apt now, as the Republican Establishment in Washington is writhing over Reagan's latest budget proposals and debating the best way to dip back into the taxpayers' pockets. But Bell does more than just echo Ronald

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Reagan. In his declaration for the GOP senatorial nomination, he called for 1) the resignation of Fed Chairman Paul Volcker, 2) a one-year period of conversion to a gold standard for the dollar, 3) a flat tax of less than 20 per cent on all incomes, and 4) a total trade boycott of the Soviet Union.

Bell's major opposition for the nomination so far comes from Representative Millicent Fenwick, a four-term congresswoman with impeccable Establishment credentials. The *Almanac of American Politics* reports that in 1970 her district ranked 11th in median family income of all the nation's 435 congressional districts. It hardly comes as a surprise that her voting record coincides nicely with the genteel liberalism prevalent in her district.

As *NR*'s Jeffrey Hart wrote in his syndicated column, Bell's "candidacy represents a crucial effort to return power to the people and give them much more of a say in how their lives are run. He believes that this was the meaning of the 1980 Reagan revolution, that his candidacy represents a viable Republican future—while that of Millicent Fenwick represents a country-club Republican past. A lot is at stake in this New Jersey contest."

A Beginning

President Reagan's address to the Organization of American States was a temperate and cogent appraisal of the difficulties confronting "the extraordinary mosaic" of peoples in the Caribbean region. The dynamics of population growth are calculated to have lowered the median age in that region to about 15 years. Problems inherent in such circumstances are enormously aggravated by drastically adverse shifts in the terms of trade. The result, in the President's words, is "economic siege" and "economic disaster" and, at the ultimate worst, "a dark future . . . foreshadowed by the poverty and repression of Castro's Cuba, the tightening grips of the totalitarian Left in Grenada and Nicaragua, and the expansion of Soviet-backed, Cuban-managed support for violent revolution . . ." which, as in El Salvador, can only ruin the meager existing instrumentalities of production.

The history of U.S. foreign policy, in one scholar's words, "is rich in rediscoveries of the importance of Latin America." President Reagan's speech did not try to emulate the utopian rhetoric of FDR's Good Neighbor policy or JFK's Alliance for Progress. His emphasis was on self-help and the long pull, with more affluent outsiders assisting through technical guidance, donations, investments, and widened marketing opportunities. The President took pains not to overpromise. At the same time, he was unequivocal concerning the United States' "own vital interest" in the Caribbean region as "a vital strategic and commercial artery." As a self-evident corollary, the President expressed intentions to do "whatever is prudent and necessary to ensure the peace and security of the Caribbean area." However indisputable those qualifiers might have seemed to most, they raised spinal chills in some quarters—notably on the editorial page of the *New York Times*. What alternative combination —"imprudent and necessary"? "prudent and unnecessary"? "imprudent and unnecessary"?—would have been preferred was not indicated. Implicitly, the *Times* would have felt better with "nothing" inserted ahead of "whatever," and the four words following deleted.

The Reagan proposals will not affect what happens next week, or next year, in El Salvador or Guatemala. But they do place the necessary and probably unpleasant short-term military necessities in a wider framework, and this may do much to make them more acceptable politically, both here and in the area under discussion.

Good Soldier Jaruzelski

Those in the West who claim that General Wojciech Jaruzelski is a Polish patriot will probably be comforted to know that somebody else agrees with them: Leonid Brezhnev. The Kremlin put on all the trimmings in welcoming General Jaruzelski to Moscow, his first trip outside Poland since he imposed martial law December 13.

Last year, when Stanislaw Kania, Jaruzelski's predecessor as Communist Party chief, visited Moscow, Brezhnev greeted him coolly, leaving no room for doubt about the Soviet regard for Kania's handling of the situation. This time, however, Brezhnev warmly embraced Poland's new ruler and kissed him on both cheeks. The motorcade carrying the two rulers passed crowds of people, bused in for the occasion, waving banners rapturously proclaiming their friendship for the wayward satellite that once seemed dangerously on the verge of leaving the Soviet orbit.

In their toasts to each other, both rulers took pains to make the incredible credible, i.e., Jaruzelski's independence from Moscow. In his reference to the December 13 coup d'etat, Brezhnev declared, "We received with full understanding the information on the national decision taken by our Polish friends in order to defend the people's power and to cool passions and in order to pull the country out of a protracted, excruciating crisis." In his reply, Jaruzelski followed the script to the letter. Speaking of the decisions to impose martial law, he said, "We made them independently and as a sovereign state, being deeply convinced that they met the interests of socialist Poland and the cause of peace in Europe." For his performance Jaruzelski was rewarded with the promise of increased Soviet aid.

But if the aid is to keep coming, Jaruzelski will have to keep meeting the Kremlin's rigorous stand-

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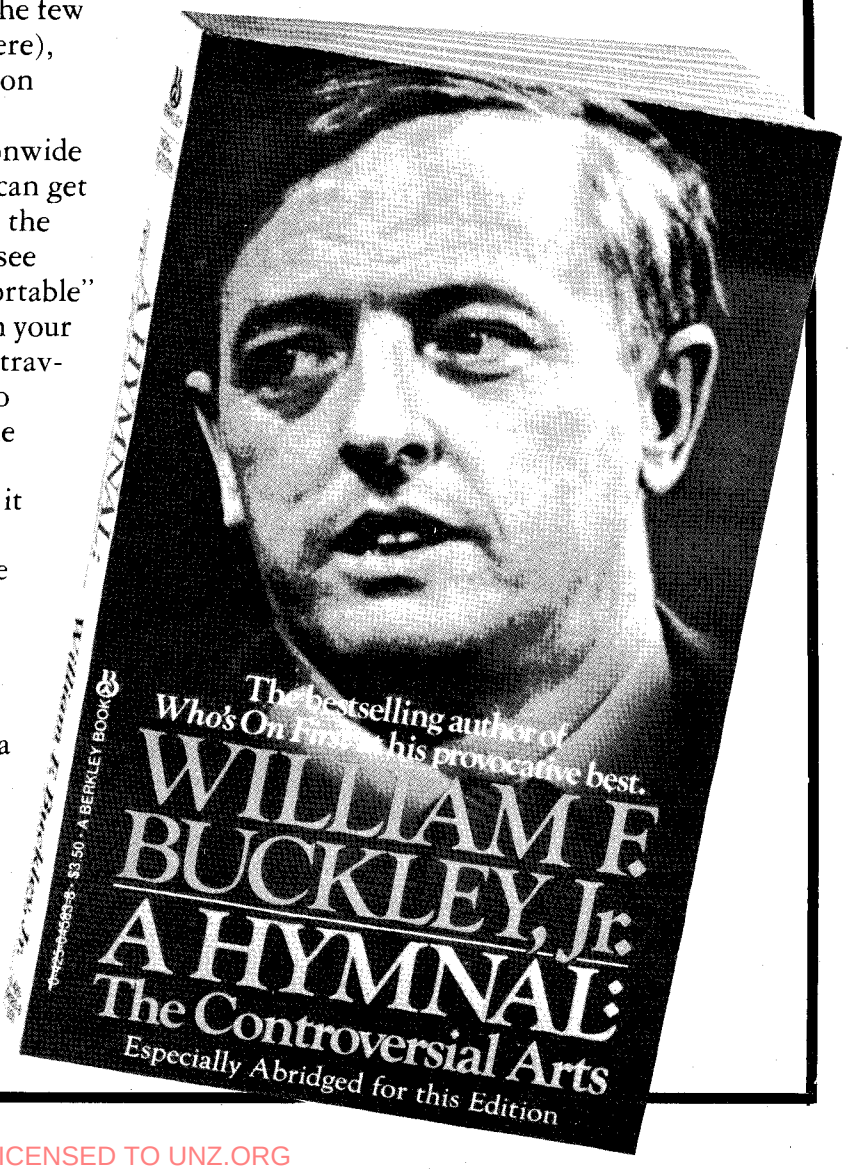
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ards. Though he undoubtedly is willing to do so, many Poles won't be so cooperative. In a recent two-day check on how the Poles are observing martial-law regulations, the authorities found 145,000 people violating the regulations in some significant manner. Unless the authorities are willing to get even harsher, that number is sure to climb as the shock of martial law begins to wear off.

A further nettlesome complication lies in the fact that the Roman Catholic Church is changing its posture toward the regime. Ever since martial law was imposed, the Church has counseled its members to be cautious, warning them against a battle that would pit Pole against Pole. Now, however, the Church appears to be moving toward confrontation. In a recent statement disseminated to all 18,000 parishes in the country, the Polish bishops called the present situation a "national catastrophe" and urged an end "as speedily as possible" to martial law.

Perhaps the Kremlin summoned Comrade Jaruzelski now because it realized that when spring comes he will be fully occupied in dealing with genuine Polish patriots.

Pulling the Economic Plug

"Right now," said one federal official, "my advice is to hold our breaths and hope that the house of cards comes down slowly rather than all at once."

The house of cards here is the rickety financial structure of the Soviet empire, and the billions of dollars in bad loans dished out by Western banks. Is the Reagan Administration at last willing to pull the plug on the bankrupt Soviet empire? Though in early February the Administration turned over $71 million to U.S. banks to cover, temporarily, their bad loans to Poland, it is now denying $65 billion in commodity credits needed to bolster a lagging Rumanian economy. No one seriously believes that the multi-billion-dollar debt incurred by the Eastern bloc under detente will ever be repaid. Much of this debt, moreover, was backed by guarantees from Western governments.

Last February, in explaining the Polish bailout, Mr. Reagan remarked that we wished to retain our "leverage" and also forestall hardship for a great many people and financial institutions.

Well, what institutions?

In the notes from his morning meetings that were leaked to the press and appeared in the *Washington Post*, Secretary Haig filled in the detail. A Polish default, he said, would "mean the financial collapse of the West German economy."

Thus do the dead cats of detente end up on Mr. Reagan's doorstep. Talk of *leverage*! The West German economy is now in hock to the collapsing economies of the Soviet empire. "Western banks in general," writes columnist Patrick Buchanan, "and West German banks in particular," are the bankrollers of the rickety Soviet system. Financial collapse in the East could take them all down with it.

The *New York Times* has a simple solution to suggest to Mr. Reagan: "Sooner or later the Western governments will have to bail out their banks anyway."

Maybe so, but what a political stink bomb that is going to be, as Middle America comes to understand that it is being taxed to make good on bad paper issued by Chase Manhattan, Manufacturers Hanover Trust, and other populist institutions. So much, at any rate, for detente, and so much for Ostpolitik—which have placed Western governments in the position of bending to the leverage of Communist deadbeats.

Burrowing from Within

Now, Alice M. Rivlin, whom Congress assigned
To help with the budget before they went blind,
Would cancel the cuts that are due in July
And shovel the poor some more pie in the sky.
If congressmen follow her down that dark hole,
I hope they're aware she's a liberal mole.

W. H. VON DREELE

Boo, Hiss!

Susan Sontag's scolding of the American Left at its Town Hall Solidarity rally in New York City is still making waves a month after the event. On February 6 Miss Sontag's shocked hearers responded with boos and hisses; later catcalls have appeared in such places as *The Nation*, *Soho News*, etc.

Miss Sontag, it will be remembered, argued that Communism is only "successful fascism" and accused left-wing intellectuals of having "told a lot of lies" in defense of it. Here are some of the responses, some of them from biggish names:

"Is it now proven that we have been wrong to be at all hopeful [about the promise of Communism]?" —Philip Green, *The Nation*.

"Susan Sontag, as far as I know, does not come from a working-class family."—Daniel Singer, *The Nation*.

"The point is that it makes little sense to me to stop time and freeze place if there is still a vision of a human face."—Andrew Kopkind, *The Nation*.

"Sontag . . . now no doubt happily entranced by 'Life in These United States.' . . ."—Philip Pochoda, *The Nation*.

". . . A sincere gesture, and quite in the spirit of the *Reader's Digest*. But the editors of that journal have had little experience with heads as functioning items;

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so perhaps they will throw hers back to us."—Garry Wills, *Soho News*.

"Captive minds," you might say (with Susan Sontag). But really—so what? As Nathan Glazer assures us, this is Intellekshulspeak. "Other Americans" have never had a susceptibility to Communism: today, as for a hundred years, they are concerned only with the problem of what to do about it.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Apropos of ACLU activist Robert F. Smith, who is, he says, over ten and would like to continue celebrating Voltaire's singular contribution to political philosophy, may I submit the following in the fatuous hope that it might a) deter him from so continuing, b) deter others, or *some* of them anyway.

Were one so motivated and inclined as to wish to pursue the thing as recorded in the archives of the Maréchaussée and the Sûreté, it would appear that the perambulations of Monsieur Voltaire kept him at a discreet distance from the arm of the law. In an extravaganza of quixotry not all that different from the non sequitur that is Mr. Smith's postscript, he chased himself all over the realm and some parts adjacent thereto, a self-styled fugitive from a puzzled *gendarmerie*. These public servants were otherwise and more urgently engaged in trying to assess the nature and extent of the damage accruing to aforesaid and troubled realm from the likes of Monsieur Voltaire and a motley assortment of Enlightened *jacquerie*. It is further recorded that he, Voltaire, passed on to his reward petulantly banging fists and kicking legs, and reviling the God Whom he had abandoned and denied. He, Voltaire, was over ten at the time.

Whatever were his actual words, they more or less paraphrase into the popular: "—I will fight to the death for your right to say it." To the death, he says. Sure. If I may here be permitted a bit of drollery, to wit: *Whose* death? Whatever else he may have been, *qua* Voltaire he became, with Rousseau, the ineluctable *habitus* of the ACLU syndrome: as François Marie Arouet, he was, simply, a poltroon. *He* died in bed, that one.

But for those who took him literally, there was the never-ending, melancholy creak of the tumbrels. They had no objection to *locus standi* (perish the thought!): it was *what* was said and *who* had the saying of it that led to the Place de Grève. Which may have been effective, even efficient: but oh how wonderful of the Citizenry!

Words, words. There then came upon this dismal scene one who, it was said, had much use for words. But indeed he had; though it depended upon how words were strung together and to what purpose: you see, he liked, for example, to hear Talma and to read Goethe. Having taken charge of things, then 1) he took the Encyclopedists from the Academy and set them to honest and useful work. 2) He emptied the Jacobin clubs and the *salons* of the candied dandies and dear Benjie too, he of such constant devotion to the de Staël. *Her* he sent packing back to Coppet, from whence she had come. 3) He then proceeded to provide a nursery for the displaced Voltaireans, a cozy Dantean circle where they could all enjoy the pandemonium of their collective complaints bouncing off the interior walls of the Tribunate.

Talk, talk. Let them holler, then. The Master, meanwhile, could rest tranquilly in the Tuileries: could dream dreams for his beloved France and for the rest. Ah, twere a bliss to have been there.

Words, words: talk, talk.
Here and now,
In some vast stupendous Superdome they, confined
And we, we use *our* civil liberties to
Tune them in: tune them out
Sweet surcease from concern selective
From the everlasting din, some peace

Ah, bliss. Anyway, Mr. Buckley, one can dream, no?

Yours respectfully,
S. J. Stanowski
Houston, Tex.

Dear Mr. Stanowski: *You* sure can. Cordially, **WFB**

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Although I am confident that it is not the first time you have been told, I find it necessary to mention the need for the use of correct grammar when writing a book—even such an amusing novel as the latest of your Oakes quartet.

Page 229 "a meeting between the three allies," etc., etc.

At Harvard I was taught to use *among* when referring to more than two items. (I actually learned that long before I attended high school.)

Do I detect an early Eli epidemic of error? The same mistake leaps at you from page 107 of Tom Wolfe's latest treatise on architecture.

Please keep speaking and writing—some of us do need the help.

Sincerely yours,
S. C. Sviokla III, MD
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Mr. Sviokla: See Fowler, second edition, page 57.
—WFB

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

Hang Tough, Mr. Reagan

A SENSE of surfeit engulfs this city—surfeit with economics and economists. Is it possible to reach critical mass in boredom? Economics, if anything, will do it. People here are saying what Sir Alec Douglas-Home said twenty years ago: political problems are insoluble and economic ones incomprehensible. Washingtonians who are otherwise responsible will greet talk of deficits, budget, taxes, money supply, etc. as MEGOs (My Eyes Glaze Over) and tune out.

I will argue here that it is the non-economist's civic duty to stay with the national economic issue to the bitter (or sweet) end. Let's see whether, as economic illiterati, we can make some sense out of the economic esoterica.

The current bone of contention is the Federal Reserve Board and whether its capricious management of the money supply has had a ruinous effect on interest rates, which, if not substantially lowered, will kill Reaganomics. Jack Kemp and other supply-siders are so irked with the Fed that they want the President to sack its chairman. (Paul Volcker's term is up in 18 months; technically, the Fed is independent, but practically Volcker's resignation could be forced, if the President set his will to effecting it.) The doves prevailed—notably Alan Greenspan, who argued that in any face-off between the Administration and the Fed, the press would side with the latter. The President should be generally supportive of the Board, concluded Greenspan, without totally acceding to its policies. The President took Greenspan's advice, held the kiss-and-forgive session (with no aides, per Volcker's request), and gilded the lily by publicly reaffirming the Fed's independence.

This gratuitous reaffirmation closes the option, it would seem, of what Lester Thurow (!) and some Reaganites want to see done, namely cancel the Fed's independence and put it under Treasury. This would rid us of the anomalous situation whereby a Carter appointee (Volcker) runs Reagan's monetary policy.

Logical as it sounds, there is a downside. An uninsulated Board would inspire Congress to shoehorn itself into the act, and ultimately be able to compel the Fed to pay off its deficits by monetizing the debt. That being the case, better to let the independence of the Fed perdure, mixed blessing though it is.

Should the Fed be blamed for current high interest rates? Reaganites say yes. But what do statistics say? Each issue of *The Economist* magazine carries data on the rate of the money supply's expansion and contraction in industrialized countries, plus prevailing interest rates. Between the two sets of numbers, one finds precious little correlation. Last year, in fact, Canada served to disprove the going wisdom. The money supply shrank by 3.5 per cent, more than in any other country in the world, yet in 1981 Canada's interest rates reached 20 per cent.

AS TO the larger issue, what are the prospects for economic recovery? When seamed together, the scattered impressions of enlightened generalists here (not tunnel-visioned economists) yield a tapestry that is surprisingly bright. *First, inflation is down.* If the January figure is annualized, the rate works out to about 3.5 per cent for 1982. Bearing in mind that for each percentage-point drop in inflation, the government saves $10 to $15 billion on cost-of-living escalators in entitlement programs like Social Security, food stamps, retirement plans, etc., the budget has already been cut through the inflation drop by a de facto $50 to $75 billion.

Second, oil prices are plummeting. We may well be headed for $28-per-barrel oil. The drop is reflected in home-heating-oil prices. Oil specialist Dan Lufkin predicts that at year's end gasoline will be six cents a gallon less. The oil price structure could further collapse if Iraqi/Iranian negotiators work out an *entente cordiale* on oil sales. (Iran desperately needs to sell.)

Third, harvests of grain and corn have been record-setting and will stabilize food prices. *Fourth, labor is being unbelievably cooperative.* Teamsters, food and commercial workers, airline and auto workers are taking wage cuts or are substantially curtailing rates of increase. Since labor accounts for *two-thirds* of all industrial costs, this wage lowering should have dramatic and telling long-term effect.

Fifth, personal savings have increased by 1 to 1.5 per cent. For each single percentage point of personal savings increase, the reservoir of investible funds for the purchase of securities from the U.S. Treasury or private corporations is augmented by $30 to $40 billion. For purposes of calculating the effect of this on interest rates, that amount is the equivalent of a $30- to $40-billion cut in needed budgetary borrowing. Now, if savings rates go up two or three points, as has been projected (reasonably), that amount will be the equivalent—again for purposes of computing impact on interest rates—of (hold your breath) a $100-billion cut in the federal budget.

Sixth, interest rates are lowering (at the time of this writing), including long-term rates, short-term rates on T-bills, federal-fund rates (into the 13s). Bond prices have been rising—a further signal of a lowering of long-term interest rates. Once the public comes to believe that Congress is in earnest, and will actually make serious cuts in welfare spending, interest rates will fall further. It takes time for the collective psyche to rid itself of the tax-tax, spend-spend mindset, just as it takes time to rid itself of the inflation spiral fixation.

In short, if you (as a layperson) take the trouble to look at the economic status quo, without Washington politicians, economists, or journalists to slant or obscure your outlook, you will see, I submit, a rosier picture than trendy Cassandras have been limning.

Conclusion for Ronald Reagan? Act as if the Fed and its chairman did not exist (the game will be played elsewhere), concentrate on budget cutting, blowtorch your supine staff into waging an AWACs-like Hill campaign to drive the budget through. Recovery is on its way, sir—provided you hang tough. □

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Wrong Route to Peace

Across Western Europe, pacifist passions are on the rise. Marchers have hit the streets in large numbers in some capitals to protest measures taken by their own governments in their own defense.

The demonstrations are well-meant. They are understandable in the context of the deep-seated yearning of all people for a peaceful world.

Yet the new outcries are disturbing on both sides of the Atlantic. For they represent a turning away from reality. They reflect a welling up of isolationist sentiments that pose potential danger to the alliance, anchored by the U.S., which has kept Western Europe free and secure for upwards of three decades.

Many Europeans are aroused, in particular, by the proposed deployment of new breeds of U.S.-built missiles on European soil to modernize NATO's nuclear forces, an upgrading made necessary by Soviet deployment of improved missiles.

There's an irony about the new palpitations being expressed in the streets and salons of Europe. It was pointed up in a recent late-night TV talk show in England, with the audience participating. Two politicians were discussing the NATO missile deployment when a young man rose from the audience and asked: "Why are we protesting? We were the ones who asked the Americans to send the missiles over to protect us from the Russian missiles that are already there. The Americans didn't insist. We asked."

Yes, the Europeans did ask, back in the late '70s. Now, in a turnabout, some of them are calling for unilateral nuclear disarmament. They seem to feel that if Western Europe lowers its nuclear defenses, then the Soviets, in their inherent goodness, will dismantle all the missiles they're emplacing and targeting at capitals and other key sites in the West. The notion seems to be that weakened resolve by the West will somehow cause the Soviets to lose their expansionist appetite.

That is a barren dream, a mythical vision. It flies against all the evidence of the Soviets' unslackened determination, backed by a military buildup of gargantuan dimensions, to exploit every opportunity to extend their military and political influence around the world, wherever and whenever they can. The Soviets' opportunism can be likened to that of a hotel burglar who skulks along the corridors at night, checking doorknobs, ready to enter any room he finds unlocked. The West must keep its doors locked.

Unilateral arms reduction is appeasement. It could be suicidal. Arms reduction surely is a cherished goal. But it must be *bilateral.* It must consist of specific, fair, verifiable measures growing out of negotiations between the two sides.

In a perfect world, there would be no nuclear weapons at all. In the real world, nuclear weapons exist. So long as they do, the best way of reducing the risk that they'll be used against you is to make certain that any nation considering their use is dissuaded from doing so by the knowledge that you are capable of striking back in kind.

That's deterrence. It has been at the heart of Western security since the end of World War II. Its validity remains unassailable today. But its continued efficacy is now being threatened by a misguided movement on the part of some in Europe who quiver in the face of the potent, ever-growing military machine to the east.

They envisage a neutral Europe, with military ties to neither of the superpowers. What they do not see, or are blinded to, is a neutral Europe becoming a neutered Europe.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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Current Varieties of Red — The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

In the days of Stalin's monolith, it was so simple: bar the occasional ripple, you knew in advance what position this or that Communist party was going to take on this or that issue. Nowadays, it is more complicated. From this change, which is undeniable, many uninformed or merely optimistic observers have inferred that the "world Communist movement" has ceased to be a problem.

Try as it may, however, no Communist party can escape the heavy legacy of the Leninist past—not even the Chinese, which early last year launched an intensive drive to teach Leninism at school, at a time when Deng Xiaoping was promoting limited foreign capitalism.

With parties in opposition, it is almost impossible, in practice and in the long run, to break Moscow's grip. These reflections are prompted by the latest goings-on in the Italian and French Communist parties.

As always, the Italian Party (PCI) is the most fascinating. I learned some years ago from a classmate of the PCI's leader Enrico Berlinguer, that even as a young Communist of 17, he had a profound contempt for Russians *qua* Russians, on the reasonable ground that their historical acquaintance with culture was, shall we say, somewhat shorter than that of the Italians. It is on the face of it odd that this Sardinian aristocrat with a devout wife should be a Communist at all, and his lengthy espousal of the concept of Eurocommunism doubtless responded to elements in his nature that go deeper than mere Marxism-Leninism.

Words, Not Deeds

When, under Soviet pressure, the abominable party hack, "General" Jaruzelski, proclaimed martial law in Poland, Berlinguer and his party were quick to denounce the role of the USSR, even at a time when Western foreign ministers, such as Lord Carrington and Hans-Dietrich Genscher, could find no evidence of Soviet misbehavior (an attitude from which, of course, they have since departed, albeit reluctantly).

But there was more. Berlinger went so far as to denounce the Soviet system as a model for Italy. Stung to the core, the Soviets accused the PCI of having become the tool of imperialism—a turn of phrase which even Italian Communists took to imply a form of excommunication from the mother counter-church.

So, am I wrong in saying that parties in opposition find it almost impossible to break Moscow's grip? Well, actually, no, as the following points seem to me to demonstrate:

1. On the major issues of foreign policy, whatever the PCI may say about Poland or Afghanistan, it continues to serve Soviet interests. On the current Soviet "peace" campaign, for example, the alignment is perfect: the PCI opposes the neutron bomb and deployment of the new generation of American missiles in Europe. It calls for a denuclearized zone in central Europe and for the departure of superpower navies from the Mediterranean—both points echoing Soviet propaganda.

2. Its economic plans would, if applied, tie Italy and the EEC to the Eastern bloc.

This second area calls for amplification. Last December 10, just before martial law was proclaimed in Poland, the PCI published a ponderous economic program in its daily, *l'Unità*. Several times in the text the proposals used the words *programmazione democratica*, for which I know of no exact equivalent in English. The word *programmazione*, in context, has a sweeping character, embracing not only the government's economic plans but the whole internal economic and political activity of the state.

Cryptically, the PCI's program calls for the abandonment of individual in favor of collective consumption. The unstated object is that Italy's myriad light consumer industries should sell in bulk to the Eastern bloc rather than compete in Western markets. Italian industry would thus become the motor with which to raise living standards in the USSR and the Soviet empire—in return (this bit is spelled out) for Soviet gas and other forms of energy.

Western governments should cease to concern themselves with the tyrannical character of third world regimes (attributed in any case to the legacy of imperialism) and help them unconditionally. Detente and disarmament (for the West) are recommended, along with "autonomy" for the EEC (meaning, of course, independence from the United States). And in return for whatever sacrifices the program might appear to call for in Italy, the PCI would guarantee "social peace," meaning freedom from strikes and other labor disputes.

A Rift in France

Against this background, it matters relatively little that the PCI and the CPSU should be engaged in a slanging match. Some years ago, a far-reaching program of this kind could have been laughed off, but it no longer can at a time when Italy is going through what the PCI itself calls a crisis of "ungovernability" (*ingovernabilità*). The PCI is selling itself as the party of stable government, which undoubtedly it would be.

As I write these lines, the French Communist Party (PCF) has just concluded its 24th Congress, for which important event, the Soviet Party sent a top-level delegation headed by a leading candidate for the Brezhnev succession, Constantin Chernenko (a mere stripling at seventy), and the grand master of subversion, Boris Ponomarev.

The PCF's situation is truly odd. Officially, as the Soviet presence showed, it is right back in the Soviet orbit, after its desultory flirtation with Eurocommunism. Yet the Party is represented in President Mitterrand's government by four Communist ministers, who go along (they have no choice, so long as they remain) with the government's outspoken denunciations of Soviet behavior in Poland. The Moscow-line leader, George Marchais, was re-elected unanimously, but the Communist-dominated trade union group, the CGT, has come under the control of Henri Krasucki, whose name betrays his Polish ancestry and who has made no secret of his support for the Solidarity trade unionists in Poland. I never thought I would live to see the day when the PCF monolith came to pieces, but it has come, all right. □

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CRY *El Salvador*

JOHN KURZWEIL

AT THE BEGINNING of Book III of *War and Peace*, Tolstoy describes Napoleon's invasion of Russia in 1812 as "an event . . . counter to human reason and all human nature." What followed was "such an innumerable quantity of crimes, frauds, treacheries, robberies, forgeries, issues of counterfeit money, depredations, incendiarisms, and murders, as are not recorded in the annals of all the courts of justice in the world, but which, at the time, the men who were committing them did not regard as crimes." Tolstoy devoted the rest of that chapter and, for that matter, *War and Peace* in its entirety to answering the question why so many civilized men simultaneously took up so terrible a work of destruction. Indeed, the question should be asked about any war, particularly by peace-loving men *before* a conflagration actually begins.

The war raging in El Salvador is at least as mystifying as the invasion of Russia in its sheer unrelatedness to the humanitarian goals proclaimed by all involved. The Left, filled with indignation over what it considers the "immoral" distribution of El Salvador's wealth and power, conclude that force alone will make the rich share, and so they fight. That such prescriptions as the "expropriation without right to indemnization [*sic*] of all properties in the hands of the oligarchy," their "subsequent redistribution as collective, communal, or state properties," and "management of the national economy on the basis of a system of national planning" embracing "all branches, sectors, and regions"—all demanded by El Salvador's guerrillas—have nowhere led to justice, morality, or peace can be confirmed by asking, among others, the nearest Pole. So why do the guerrillas continue to fight for an all-embracing socialism? It is not because the arguments in their favor have been irresistibly articulated. Rather, it is because the alternatives, freedom and democracy, have been defended so poorly, when they've been defended at all.

An Associated Press report from San Salvador dated January 25, 1932 read:

> The flower of Salvadoran aristocracy, heavily armed, roamed the streets of this capital city tonight to aid their government in stamping out the last vestiges of "Communist insurrection."
>
> On the suggestion of a prominent banker, Rodolfo Duke, adult citizens were equipped with rifles and revolvers and received carte blanche to shoot any Communist on sight. More than three hundred sons of the first families, both foreign and native, also were armed and turned loose to snare any radicals still at large.

The occasion for this nocturnal adventure was an uprising, primarily involving the country's Indian population, during the preceding four days or so led by the founder of the Salvadoran Communist Party, Farabundo Martí. Though Martí's Communists managed a fair show of carnage and terror around the countryside and even captured a few towns briefly, the revolt was thoroughly crushed in less than a week. Martí and a large number of his followers were executed.

The slaughter ended a decisive period in El Salvador's history which had begun optimistically only one year earlier. In January 1931, a liberal (in the nineteenth century sense of the word) member of a wealthy Salvadoran family named Arturo Araujo was elected president in the nation's first, and to this point last, free election. He had campaigned on a platform of education, better transportation and jobs for ordinary Salvadorans, and industrialization for the nation as a whole. Educated at Oxford, Araujo had seen the way in which the Industrial Revolution had promoted class fluidity and mass prosperity in England, and he wanted the same thing for his own country, then even more thoroughly agricultural than now. Using family money, he built El Salvador's first railroad and toured the land on it, campaigning along the way.

It must have made an interesting spectacle, Araujo's train chugging into town, probably festooned with banners and flags, and the candidate himself puffing away before crowds of illiterate Indians and peasants about competition and the rewards of hard work. It was regarded as somewhat less than edifying, however, by his own class of educated, well-off Salvadorans, who must have thought Araujo incredibly naïve. The poor, everyone knew, were capable of eating and of doing a little unskilled work, which was good because a certain amount of that had to be done. But that was it. Nothing but trouble could come from politicians stirring the passions of the throngs with impossible dreams.

After he took office, Araujo legalized the Communist Party, and Farabundo Martí began trying to organize his revolution. On December 3, amid predictions that the Communists were about to overthrow the dreamer and seize

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power, the Defense Minister, Maximiliano Hernández Martínez, led a successful coup against the president and, with the financial backing of wealthy Salvadorans, took over the government. The United States and neighboring Central American countries, however, refused to recognize the new regime because it had taken power by force. "In this situation," the *New York Times* reported, "the Red elements felt encouraged to make a drive for power." Thus, instead of pre-empting the revolt, Hernández Martínez's coup may have brought it on.

Martí may have been influenced by the anti-Araujo scare-talk into overestimating his strength. And Hernández Martínez himself, nearly as soon as the revolt began, started soft-pedaling the Red Menace which had loomed so large only two months earlier, before the coup.

"There are no revolutionary movements in El Salvador," Hernández Martínez's junta announced on January 25, 1932 (the same day the "flower of Salvadoran aristocracy" sallied forth to shoot Communists on sight). "What happened was that Communist groups in certain towns of the republic promoted disturbances which the government has energetically repressed. The capital city is undisturbed. The government is unanimously backed by all Salvadorans."

The following February, the *Panama Star and Herald* took up the theme in an editorial that described Martí's rebels as possessing too little fidelity or philosophy to claim membership in any party, and added that, had these "revolutionaries" turned up in Russia a few years earlier, Lenin would probably have had them "shot as thieves." If such opinions as these had turned up in print a few months earlier, democracy might have survived in El Salvador.

From the perspective of Hernández Martínez and his supporters, the real danger had never been from the masses' will to revolt—that, they thought, was in any case unavoidable, like hurricanes or crop failures—but from what they considered Araujo's naïveté and unwillingness to meet the rebels' challenge effectively: which meant, of course, with bullets. Now that Araujo was out, the real danger was past. As the present war in El Salvador shows, however, it was Hernández Martínez, not Araujo, who was naïve.

What Araujo saw was the potential of the poor to learn and grow and become productive. His enemies saw only a transparent plot to take their land and dissipate the nation's wealth in a frenzy of redistribution that would bring chaos and ruin to El Salvador. In effect, the Hernández Martínez coup ratified the Left's view of the human predicament. With the overthrow of democracy, the new government registered its tacit agreement with the revolutionaries that the only way the poor could improve their lot was to take wealth from the rich. And for the rich to retain what they had, the poor would have to be kept poor. The distribution of political power, not the production of wealth, was the key, and that distribution, both sides also now agreed, would be determined first and foremost by brute force. Whatever silly notions about law or authority or majority rule the people might have picked up from Araujo, power was what mattered. The view is tailor-made to justify and encourage violence, and that is exactly what it has done.

The guiding principle is thus passed along to each succeeding generation that one's enemies must be done unto before they do

Over the years since Araujo's ouster, as the officer corps became increasingly corrupt through the complex of political machinations, cliques, and bribery that replaced merit as the road to advancement, wealthy Salvadorans cooperated to protect their personal monopolies in land and industry by controlling the avenues to wealth. Social, economic, and political distinctions based on ancestry, education, nationality, or some other irrelevant characteristic, usually beyond the individual's control, provided endless sources of friction. The present leader of the Communist Party in El Salvador is a man named Shafik Handal, of Palestinian ancestry. Arabs, who make up a small minority of the country's population, have traditionally been excluded, along with most of the rest of the people, from opportunities to improve their economic circumstances.

It should come as no surprise, therefore, that large numbers of people, reasoning that the sole road to prosperity is to take and keep it from someone else (and who has taught them otherwise?), now make war to accomplish that very thing. Handal is the man who personally arranged the import, through Cuba, of the Soviet-bloc weapons that have transformed a sporadic insurgency into a full-fledged civil war.

Over the years, the Left and its opponents in the government—military men taught to govern in the Hernández Martínez tradition—have served to justify each others' ideas and violent methods. In 1972, for instance, Christian Democrat José Napoleón Duarte was elected president, beating the candidate of the National Conciliation Party (PCN), the political arm of El Salvador's military. The PCN had been ruling the country for nearly forty years at the time and was disinclined to relinquish power simply because of some

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unfavorable ballot totals. Duarte was picked up, beaten by police, and forced to flee the country. He was then replaced as president by yet another reliable military man.

Each such "lesson" helps El Salvador's extreme, anti-democratic Left convince more of its countrymen that war is the only answer. Each subsequent terrorist attack carried out by the Left then convinces other Salvadorans that violence and fear alone will suffice to preserve order in the country. The guiding principle is thus passed to each succeeding generation that one's enemies are irrational brutes who must be done unto before they do.

"Some elements in the security forces," said Bishop Pedro Aparicio of San Vicente in a recent interview, "have become enraged at seeing the bodies of their mothers and sisters raped and mutilated just because they are their relatives. They have found the bodies of their younger teenage brothers mutilated with the inscription on their chests: Traitor to the FPL [Popular Liberation Forces]. When they confront the guerrillas they are like wild stallions. They take matters into their own hands without authority."

By 1979, with terrorist violence spreading out of control and even its staunchest allies abandoning the PCN, a group of young army officers ended the party's 45-year rule by overthrowing the presidency of the universally recognized incompetent, Carlos Humberto Romero. The coup brought to power a junta composed of and backed by divergent factions, including moderate democrats, socialists, and Marxists of various shadings. In addition, a large number of powerful military men who had served under Romero survived the coup and stayed on.

The spirit of Hubert Humphrey would not recognize his liberal brethren today, so burdened with hopelessness have they become

The far Left elements quit the government within a few months and, for the most part, joined or threw their support to the guerrillas who had been fighting since 1972 to establish a Marxist-Leninist regime. After a number of regroupings, a new governing coalition was formed, composed of ex-Romero officers interested in their own security and Christian Democrats who wanted elections and a mixed bag of economic reforms, including, in some cases, greater state control, and, in others, more freedom. Duarte, now back from exile, was made president.

Marxists, it should be recalled, really believe their own propaganda. When the new junta did not immediately begin dismantling Salvadoran society and rebuilding it on the Soviet and Cuban models, the only ideologically admissible explanation for the Left was that the government was dominated either by the same old "oligarchs" or by some new manifestation of fascist repression. Both explanations have been used to reach the same conclusion: the junta is an inhuman, bloodthirsty beast which must be brought down and crushed before any hope of progress and justice is possible. This message is broadcast to American audiences through such Left mouthpieces as T. D. Allman, writing recently in *Harper's* magazine.

"Anything they could find in their huts or fields," Allman reports from "BEHIND GUERRILLA LINES, SOMEWHERE IN EL SALVADOR," "or take from the forest that might be of use, the *campesinos* had gathered together and attempted to interpose between themselves and the jeeps and armored cars of the soldiers who came, periodically, like blight on the coffee harvest or typhoons from the Pacific, to torture their lives at moments they could not predict, and for reasons of which they had no understanding."

During the Vietnam era, antiwar activists chided the U.S. military for projecting a "dehumanized" image of the Vietcong that blunted the American people's normally sympathetic reactions to the plight of the downtrodden rising in revolt. But Allman goes that one better. Not satisfied with obscuring the humanity of Duarte and the Salvadoran army, he transforms them into a blind, mindless force for evil. One doesn't *understand* or reason with the coffee blight or the typhoon, any more than one reasons with Christian Democrats. Suddenly, we're back on familiar ground: there is no solution but war. But if El Salvador's Marxists are barred by their ideology from seeing anything good in El Salvador's government, surely that is *their* problem. The problems of the Salvadoran people, meanwhile, are a good deal more complex than that. If thoughtful Americans wish to understand them, they'll require better information than is found in Allman's superficial melodrama, titled, with predictable anguish, "Rising to Rebellion."

To begin with, the Salvadoran tradition of political violence must be overcome, a job that won't be done by American journalists writing about it as if it were an indigenous, permanent characteristic of the people. Nor will it be ended merely by overwhelming Castro's guns with more and better American guns. The situation might be helped, though, by seeking out and supporting those individuals and factions within El Salvador that favor elections and a free society.

No one, except the guerrillas, denies there are some such good people in the government—Duarte himself for one—and in the military, but genuine Salvadoran democrats are usually written off as too few and too weak to matter. The spirit of Hubert Humphrey would not recognize his liberal brethren today, so burdened with doubt and hopelessness have they become. Efforts toward reform *are* going forward in El Salvador, alongside the revolutionary and reactionary violence. These efforts should be supported if for no other reason than that to do otherwise is to become like the killers in their despair.

"We're not changing a system that goes back fifty years, but one that goes back five hundred years," said Salvadoran Minister of Education Carlos Aquilino Duarte (no relation to the president) last summer. Duarte's nationally broadcast speech spelled out his ministry's plans for reforming the country's educational system. The changes to come in education, he said, would be integrated with those taking place throughout El Salvador, including the land-reform program and the scheduling of elections.

"As things have been done till now," he said, "if a lightbulb burns out in a school in San Miguel, that school's principal must request that the maintenance department of the Ministry of Education in San Salvador purchase a lightbulb and go to the school to change it. No more!"

The Minister decried the inefficiency which used the country's schoolrooms at 20 per cent of capacity. (The educational TV channel that carried his speech was oper-

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ating at only 30 per cent of its potential.) Duarte criticized the system's "pyramidal, centralized structure" which "kept teachers from developing," and outlined a program of "basic education for all adults and youth" that was of crucial importance, he said, because "a democracy is impossible with one and a half million illiterates—education will allow them to make intelligent choices in a democratic society."

A good deal of rhetorical energy has been expended to deflate the hope that the junta's talk of democracy is more than window dressing. "Democracy, El Salvador style," Juan Vásquez wrote in the *Los Angeles Times*, "is a joke." But must it always be so? The Salvadoran Education Ministry has been sponsoring local elections of teacher representatives to a new national body which will advise the ministry on education policy. The country has been divided into four hundred school districts in which local teachers select three nominees for the national delegation. All adults then vote to elect their district's delegate.

The killers will never allow elections without a violent challenge, but there are ways to defeat them

"We wish to acquaint people with the way elections work, or fail to work, if that is the case," said José Interiano, an assistant to the education minister. "If irregularities occur, and some have, the election is done over." Why aren't such stories written up in the American press? Why are our journalists in love with gloom and despair?

The editorial blurb introducing Christopher Dickey's *Playboy* piece on El Salvador, "Death as a Way of Life," represents the triumph of a confidence game unusually transparent even for this age of credulity. "The reporter went down to El Salvador," it reads, "with the most absurd notion—he thought there would be *reasons* for all the killing." Though some editor at *Playboy*, and to a considerable extent Dickey himself, has succumbed to the "all life is absurdity" syndrome, the reporter actually did find the reason, which he duly relates:

"A goal of the terrorism all along had been to make the people cry out, '*¡Basta ya!*'—Enough—bring us peace, no matter what you have to do." The first, and ultimately the only, demand of the terrorists is that power replace authority as the legitimizing characteristic of government. Elections, the very symbol of government by invested authority, have no place. Now, the remarkable thing is that while the Salvadoran people have yet to cry, "Enough!" American liberals have been yelling "*¡Basta ya!*" to the terrorists in droves, declaring elections "unworkable" and democracy "a joke" at every opportunity. There are approximately five thousand leftist guerrillas operating in El Salvador. Suppose, to give a generous estimate, there are about the same number in the anti-Communist death squads. These ten thousand killers, then, amount to less than two-tenths of 1 per cent of the population. For every Salvadoran they've killed, by the most gruesome estimates, 275 remain alive. Shouldn't these more than five and a half million people be given the opportunity to repudiate terrorism by voting for a government of their own choice? Haven't enough died for the survivors to have earned the right to conduct free elections?

But the elections will be rigged, it is said, candidates shot and the people deprived of opportunities to hear all sides. And for the first 132 years of our Republic, half the citizens of the United States were denied the vote. Fourteen per cent were slaves until 1863, and after the Civil War the new freemen stood a good chance of being shot or hung if they tried to vote, much less run for office. To this day, several areas of the country have yet to turn in entirely valid ballot returns. Should we cancel all elections every time some such abuses turn up? The answer to electoral tampering, as to terrorism and blackmail, is to renounce and eliminate it, not to capitulate. It's a con game. The killers will never allow elections without a violent challenge, but there *are* ways to defeat them.

Under PCN governments, an intense animosity—at times resembling a state of war—developed between Salvadoran educators and the military government, a situation the Left exploited to gain control of the nation's major teachers' union. Since the 1979 coup, however, government-educator relations have improved markedly, to the point where last summer a previously unthinkable joint meeting of university and government officials was broadcast over educational television. The two sides agreed on several compromises between the claims of educational autonomy and the government's legitimate prerogatives on campus. State intrusions onto campuses, even in pursuit of criminal suspects, had caused considerable friction in the past. Just by meeting with the ministry people, university officials tacitly recognized the junta's right to rule, itself a major breakthrough in a country where governing authority traditionally extends as far as the rulers' capacity to destroy their rivals and no further. And now a new, moderate teachers' union has formed to compete with the old Left-dominated organization. Teacher strikes, previously endemic in El Salvador, are far fewer and less political than before.

"Lastly, and most important," the Education Minister told his countrymen after listing the various resources their nation possessed, "we have the people of El Salvador who

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want to achieve through peaceful means the goals of the new society. Through education we must achieve a profound change."

What are we to make of all this? In the estimation of Cayetano Carpio, alias Commander Marcial of the general command of the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front (FMLN), it's all part of the junta's "bloody reformist measures . . . used as a smokescreen to cover up genocidal practices."

Shafik Handal dismisses the whole affair as the work of the "murderous fascist military-Christian Democratic junta."

The question is why a regime which "is fighting the entire Salvadoran people," as Carpio revealed last April over Radio Moscow, would use precious broadcast time to attack the mass illiteracy which, if Carpio is right, is presumably one of its greatest allies. Why, if you are part of a regime characterized by "institutionalized criminality, exploitation, and oppression" (Commander Roberto Boca over the guerrillas' clandestine Radio Liberación), do you spend twice as much ($150 million last year) on education as on defense ($75 million)? Why institute massive land-reform programs, bank nationalizations, and coffee industry takeovers—projects ideal for making enemies of the wealthiest, most uncompromisingly anti-Communist elements in society—when all you're interested in is crushing the revolutionaries? And why, on the other hand, would you undertake the mass slaughter of your own people, as Carpio claims, when that would alienate irrevocably the media and citizens of the one nation, the United States, upon whose support all your hopes depend?

The only real choice, at least for the foreseeable future, is between elections and an imposed settlement giving some or all power to the Left

The Duarte government is not universally loved in El Salvador. Neither is the Reagan Administration here. Nor was Carter, Ford, nor any other U.S. President ever. But as things stand, the people of El Salvador can choose either 1) to go back to the old, PCN-Hernández Martínez style of government (a Maximiliano Hernández Martínez Brigade competes with the Farabundo Martí Left in committing terrorist atrocities), 2) to fight with the FMLN to install a Marxist dictatorship, or 3) to give elections a try.

Virtually no one wants to return to the old way. In any event, a right-wing coup would mean a cut-off of U.S. aid and a fall to the Left as inevitable as was Somoza's once Carter abandoned him. For the people of El Salvador, the only real choice, at least for the foreseeable future, is between elections and an imposed settlement giving some or all power to the Left.

There is little support for the Left among ordinary Salvadorans. Their resistance to the January 1981 "final offensive" was only one of the more dramatic instances of the people's repudiation of the guerrillas. Repeated calls for a general strike have been ignored. During the offensive, guerrillas hit towns and villages in 14 areas of the country, aiming specifically at security posts and garrisons. In only one city—Santa Ana, El Salvador's second largest—did government troops switch sides. But, though an army colonel and several commanding officers joined the insurrection there, the *townspeople*, armed with handguns, fought the rebels. They denied them control of the town until the army arrived to capture the rebellious officers and drive the guerrillas back to their hideouts in the hills.

The best chance the people have had to show their support for the Left came when the revolutionaries were demanding a general strike. It was again ignored—or perhaps resisted is a better word, for failure to strike cost some Salvadorans dearly. For one example, a man—we'll call him Carlos (some of his relatives still live in El Salvador)—ran a coffee factory on the outskirts of San Salvador before the offensive. Carlos was 32, had an attractive young wife and two small children. He stayed away from politics, had a good sense of humor, and was liked and respected by his employees, especially since he'd unionized his workers in the mid-Seventies.

In December 1980, a few days before those employees left for a two-week Christmas vacation, Carlos addressed them at a meeting. Leftists outside the factory had been distributing leaflets and turning up at employees' homes calling for worker participation in a national strike to be held in concert with a "final offensive" against El Salvador's government. Carlos told the workers—for whom the company had established pension and profit-sharing plans and scholarships for their children's higher education—that the strike, if successful, would hurt them more than anyone. Without production, he said, there would be no jobs and no pay.

A few days later, as he was driving to the factory, Carlos was stopped and dragged from his car. A telephone call informed his family he'd been made a "prisoner of war" by the "popular forces." There was no further word of Carlos's fate until the first week of January when a "communiqué" was delivered to the San Salvador newspapers. It listed the names of several kidnapped businessmen, including Carlos, and threatened to kill those on the list and to take more such "POWs" should resistance to the general strike continue. One week later, a second "communiqué" told the factory workers they'd never see their boss again if they insisted on working after January 9. They went to work.

Within a week, Carlos's body, savagely beaten and shot once, was found on a country road leading to the port city of La Libertad. He'd been castrated and his testicles taped inside his mouth to prove—what? That Carlos was an "enemy of the people?" Or was the point to convince the workers that justice and mercy no longer existed and that war alone remained? It is no coincidence that El Salvador's terrorists chose the names of Maximiliano Hernández Martínez and Farabundo Martí. These men of violence, symbols of the past, lived by power and died by it. But the people of El Salvador do not want, have never wanted, their country run that way.

In the course of solidifying their control over Russia, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn told Americans in 1975, the Bolsheviks "reduced twenty provinces of our country to utter famine.

"This was in 1921, the infamous Volga famine. It was a typical Communist technique: to struggle for power without thinking of the fact that the productivity is collapsing, that the fields are not being sown, that the factories stand

(Continues on page 315)

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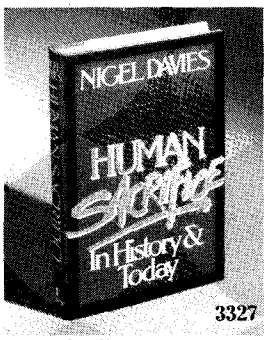

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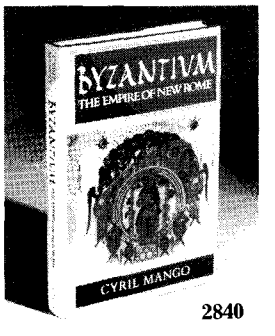

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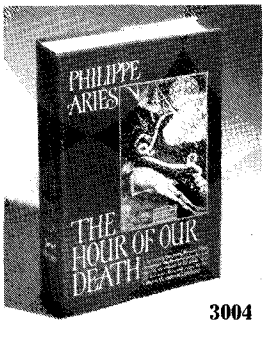

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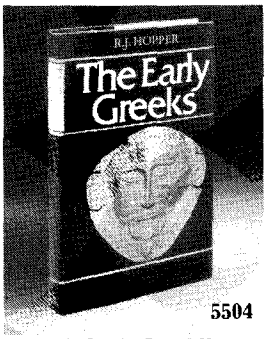

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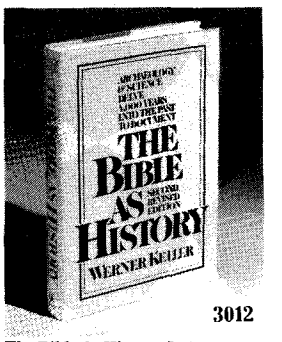

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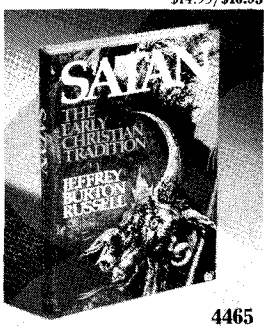

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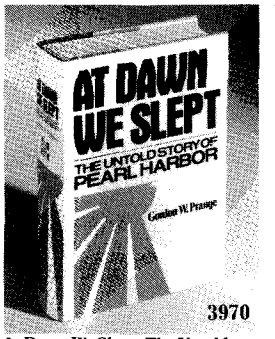

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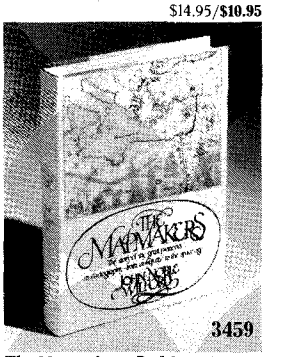

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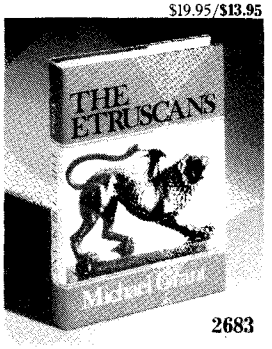

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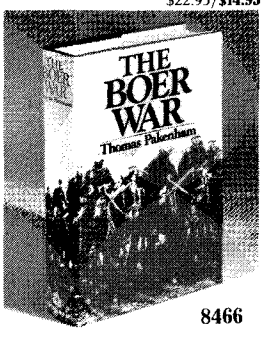

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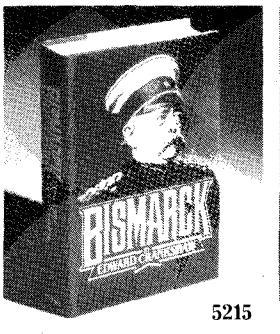

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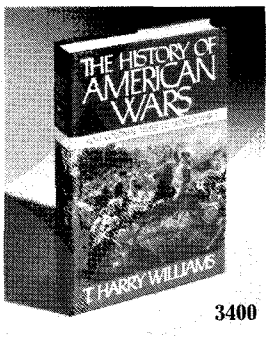

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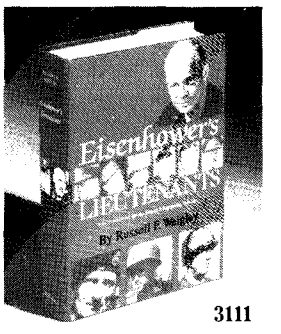

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SCOPES '82

And God Created Evolution*

RICHARD de MILLE

THERE IS NOT a shred of scientific evidence nor any Scriptural authority for the popular belief that the cosmos was created by Carl Sagan. Three alternatives remain: God created the world in six days; the universe and everything in it happened by accident; or we haven't a clue to the origin, destiny, or purpose of existence. As a lifelong subscriber to the third alternative, I am sufficiently disinterested to render a just, if not Solomonic, decision in the current conflict between the evolutionists and the Creationists.

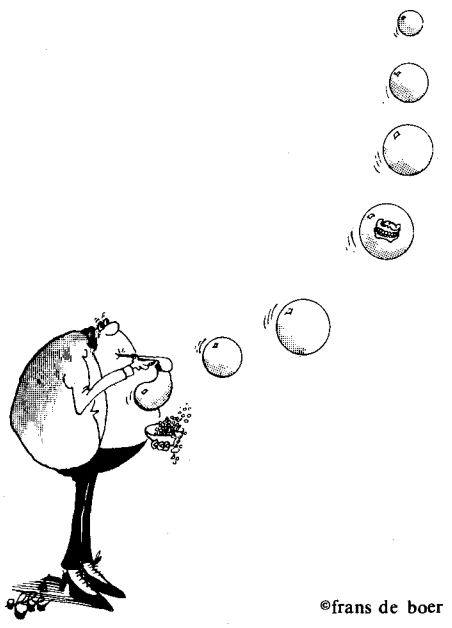
The main battlefield is tax-supported education. In a long-delayed revenge for the banishment of prayers from public schools, Scriptural literalists are now getting laws passed in several states to require "balanced treatment" in science classrooms for two curricular monstrosities miscalled (in Louisiana) "Creation Science and Evolution Science." One is reminded of a multi-volume work published by the Nazis under the title, *German Physics*.

Religion in Disguise

Just as physics does not properly fall into national categories, science is not to be classified according to theoretical points of view, whether vitalist, materialist, Creationist, or evolutionist. Science is science, a set of epistemological assumptions, procedural rules, and ethical commitments maintained by a recognizable community of scientists. The Creationists have not earned membership in that community, because they reject the assumptions, violate the rules, and ignore the commitments. They are committed to something else, which has its own rules and assumptions, and is best called religion. Proper scientists do not set out to validate a particular theory come what may; they test a theory empirically and acknowledge the results, pro or con. Creation-scientists, in contrast, use the language and observations of proper scientists, selectively, illogically, and tendentiously, to validate the Biblical story of the Creation. They promulgate religion while calling their efforts science.

Certain crafty Creationists have prevailed in commonsensical state legislatures by maneuvering their erudite but ingenuous scientific witnesses into a no-win situation where they either call evolution a "fact" (which is not the way scientists normally talk) or concede that it is "only a theory" (which seems to make evolution a suitable alternative to a Biblical "theory" of Creation). Having thus set up a false dichotomy between a scientific theory and a religious story (masquerading for the moment as a "theory" to gain legislative advantage), the Creationists are then in a position to demand fair treatment for their kind of "science," which must be given equal classroom time whenever neo-Darwinian evolution is taught.

Before this Scopesian revival distorted nomenclature on both sides, scientists didn't call evolution a fact, and traditionalists didn't call Creation a theory. The traditional accounts of a six-day Creation, a virgin birth, and a divine Savior are not theories: they are either truths or myths. The scientific account of evolution is neither truth nor myth: it is a theory with more or less evidential support. The realms of science and religion are quite different, and should be kept distinct. Mixing them up in the classroom will destroy science education; students will be misled and confused, and taxpayers will get even less for their money.



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In a long view, the Creationists are not exclusively to blame for this academic disruption. A large portion of blame must fall on a legion of predatory secularists, who have ridden a wildly inflated idea of the separation of church and state to victory over religion in the public schools. Now they find themselves surrounded by educational ayatollahs, whose enmity they have foolishly provoked and richly deserve. Both action and reaction are wrong. Prayer in public schools is not state religion any more than physics in public schools is state science. In or out of public schools, Creationism is not science and should go back to religion classes, where it belongs, so that the science taught in science classes can be genuine.

Bonnie and Darwin

A smaller but substantial portion of blame must fall on the scientists, who have publicly clung to and incoherently defended a moribund explanation of how evolution occurs—the neo-Darwinian interpretation, which tries to explain new species solely in terms of the selection of accidental genetic variations by environmental pressures. It just doesn't work. Bonnie and Clyde's last ride was nothing compared with the holes that have been shot through neo-Darwinian natural selection.

Darwin himself was plenty worried about it. How, he wondered, could something as complicated as the human eye evolve by tiny adaptive steps, when it couldn't serve any adaptive purpose until it was fully evolved? Many evolutionary marvels (said Norman Macbeth, in *Darwin Retried*) are not adaptations at all; they are works of art. In 1966, a band of upstart mathematicians argued effectively that the genetic odds must crush accidental evolution; some undiscovered principle, they said, must

*Gen. 1:19½

Mr. de Mille's books include The Don Juan Papers *and* Put Your Mother on the Ceiling.

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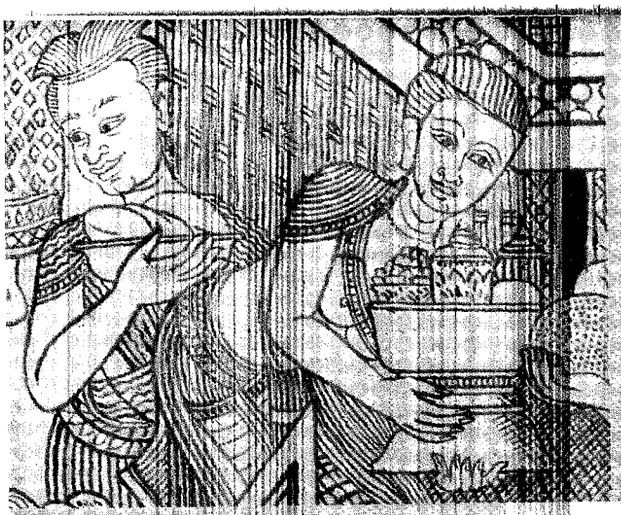
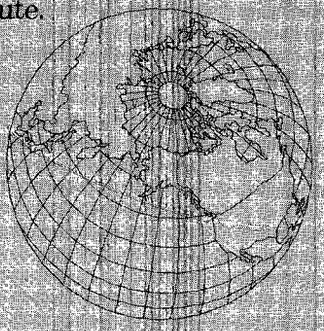


A people who would leave a water jar on their porch for a thirsty passer-by, need little training in the art of hospitality. This charming custom of Thailand has long been the children's chore.

A Thai stewardess begins learning her job as a child. The smile, the shy charm, the belief that life is meant to be enjoyed, is as natural to her personality as the languid gracefulness with which she moves her body. It is, simply, the Thai way. And, many say, the most enjoyable aspect of Royal Orchid Service on the "Great Circle Express" route.



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Thai

A Flight of Graciousness.

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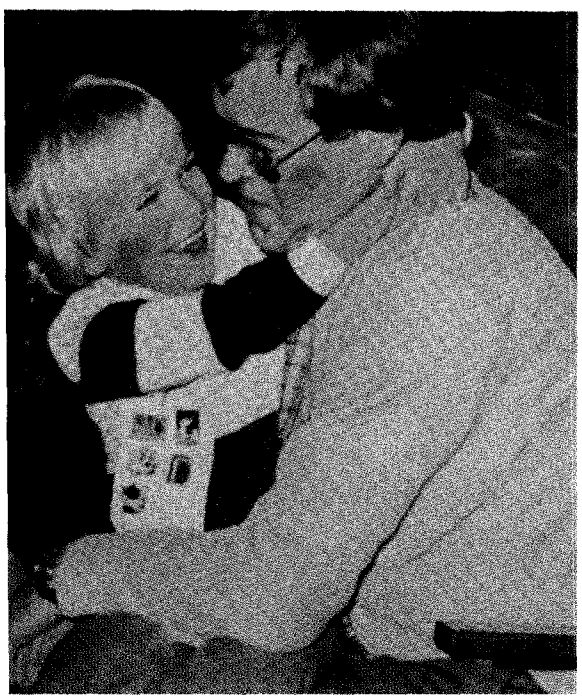
Good people c

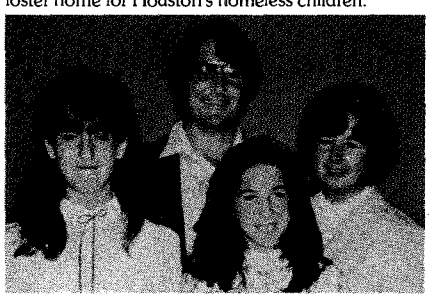


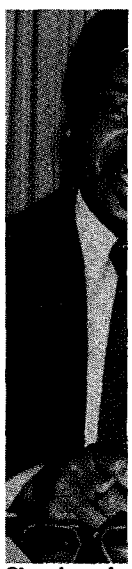
lelper of the handicapped. Ad Demmers of Holland elps handicapped children and their parents.

Nature preserver. Erwin Kempf volunteers 15 to 20 hours a week as an auxiliary gamekeeper in Neuchatel, Switzerland.

Life saver. Barbara Skolaut saves lives and property for the Manchester (Virginia) Volunteer Fire Department.

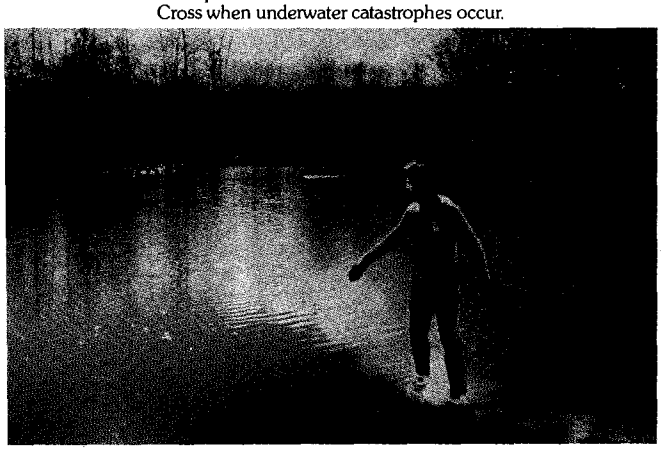
Home providers. Mike Gay and his wife Anita thought about adoption, decided they could help more children by volunteering to provide a foster home for Houston's homeless children.





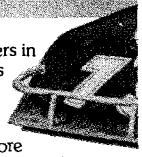
Church worke Fox joined the works seven da as a church ser volunteer in Ma

Rescuer. In Germany, Alfons Thomann works as an unpaid volunteer diver for the Bavarian Red Cross when underwater catastrophes occur.



Fund raiser. Irene Pitcock gives her time to the American Legion Ladies Auxiliary in Louisville raising funds through bake sales, picnics and bingo games for hospitals, handicapped children, the blind, the needy.

Teenagers' friend. Joyce Cranon works with disadvantaged youngsters in St. Louis, Mo. to help the teenagers realize their full potential.



Beauty restorer. Nora Kennington works to restore neglected gardens in N.Y.'s Central Park.

n-the-spot Samaritan. As a volunteer for the Milwaukee Red Cross, Dale Clark ings his emergency services van right to the scene to aid victims of fires nd other disasters.

Food provider. Manuel Jaquez helped found a cooperative supermarket that provides his Dominican Republic community with quality food at reasonable prices.

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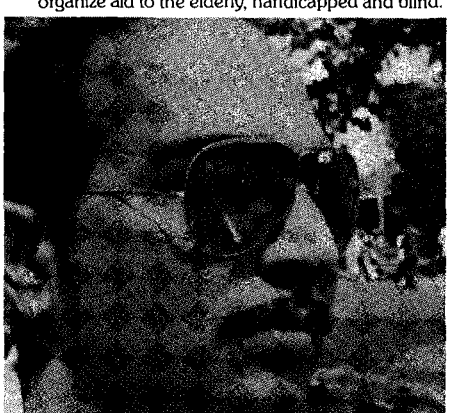
) good things.

MS angels. In Melbourne, Australia, Shirley Delamott, Pat Kein and Heiltje Grieve raised over $6,000 for the Multiple Sclerosis Society with picnics, a movie and supper evening, plant and recipe book sales and raffles.

Animal protector. Last year Debbie Goik helped over 100 injured or neglected animals as a volunteer for the Humane Society in Livingston, Michigan.

Soapbox safety teacher. Alan Lane helped organize a soapbox derby association in Fulton, N.Y. to teach kids safe driving from the ground up.

Aid organizer. S.K. Patankar donates his time to the Bombay Lions Club to help raise funds and organize aid to the elderly, handicapped and blind.



The good people you see at left are (as they would be the first to tell you) just a sampling of the thousands of people within our Philip Morris family who work as volunteers in our hometowns around the world.

They look quite ordinary; and they are, in reality, quite extraordinary. They work hard for a living, and then, in their off-time, they work hard for nothing. They want to help those who are less fortunate than themselves, and in doing so, they help all of us. For the hard fact is that without these good people, our societies and our lives would be a lot less liveable.

And the delightful fact is this: Every man and woman you see here testifies that the volunteer work they do is "fun," "enjoyable," "rewarding."

They also say "It's easy to get started." Right now you can probably think of some school, library, hospital or church—or some service, cultural or community group—that would love to have you pick up the phone and offer your help for maybe an hour or two a week.

We think you will. After all, good people do good things. And you wouldn't have read this far if you weren't a pretty good person yourself.

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be directing genetic variations. That kind of talk makes your typical scientist nervous; it sounds too much like the Great Watchmaker or Pigeon Breeder in the sky. If Darwin *is* being discarded (said Tom Bethell in *Harper's*, February 1976—an article I recommend), "it is being done as discreetly and gently as possible, with a minimum of publicity." Yes indeed, and the high-school textbook writers have not been let in on the secret.

Though he didn't actually create the cosmos, Carl Sagan has explained a lot of it very well to students and television viewers. Nevertheless, he will not admit that survival of the fittest is passé. Natural selection *will work*, he declares, given "biillions of yeears." Well, if adaptation is a vacuous idea, its definition circular, and if chance improvements get swamped on the third day of Creation, how can billions of years help? They can't. Natural selection may conserve existing species, but as an explanation of new species it's a dodo. Something else is needed in the theory, and we haven't got it; more than that, we can't even imagine it: an uncomfortable state of affairs, even for scientists.

Human beings like to be sure of things; they like explanations that fit into what they already believe, and continue to fit in. Scientists and religionists are human beings, but the latter live happily entrenched in lasting traditions, while the former inhabit a chancier world where new evidence is supposed to challenge old theories. In school we learned that when theories are contradicted by evidence, scientists abandon them; it's not exactly true. Typically, the old generation of scientists clings to the old theory; a new theory has to wait for a new generation of scientists. Respecting evolution, the youthful Sagan is (at least publicly) a Darwinist mossback.

Caught Stealing

The tendency of scientists to cling to tradition like anybody else furnishes a heavenly opportunity for non-scientists or pseudo-scientists to make a specious argument against evolution. After correctly pointing out some gaping holes in the neo-Darwinian *explanation* of evolution, the Creationists steal a base by saying, "Therefore evolution didn't happen."

Maybe Scripturalists and state legislators can be deceived by such sophistries, but proper science has gathered overwhelming evidence that evolution *did* happen. Throughout Sagan's billions of years, life *has* been developing on earth, one kind of organism leading *somehow* to another, through drastically changing environments, to life forms of ever greater specialization and complexity. It's a wondrous Creation, all right—or at least it's a wondrous happening. The best evidence for it comes from molecular biology, where patterns of development are easily shown across eons of time. The Creationists' bald Biblical assertion that all these life forms were created together some six thousand years ago just won't do for science instruction.

Compromise is possible here, but each side has to give something up. The scientists have to give up their ragged Darwinian security blanket and confess that they simply don't know how evolution occurs. The Creationists have to give up just enough of their rigid literalism to allow God room to move in a mysterious way, His evolution to perform. If both sides can do that, science, religion, and education will all be better for it. □

Fee Enterprise

WHEN I READ that Milwaukee County General Hospital is offering a $999, no-frill, one-day package for delivering a baby, I rushed right over to kindly old Doc Christian.

It was time for my annual checkup, and I thought he might be offering a package, too, since a member of the Milwaukee County Welfare Board was quoted as saying the hospital's bargain deal was going to start a "price war."

I was encouraged when I saw a sign in the doc's waiting room that read "In keeping with the sacred doctor-patient relationship, the doctor will be glad to discuss his fees with you in advance. Just ask."

So I asked.

"A checkup is ninety-five dollars," he said. "Take off your coat and shirt."

"Not so fast," I said. "I want a no-frill, package deal." And I told him about Milwaukee General's.

"Sure," he said. "I've got a no-frill package for $23.99. "Stick out your tongue, say 'Ah,' and keep your shirt on. Please pay on the way out."

"Aren't you going to tap my knee with that little hammer?" I asked.

"It's five dollars a tap," he said. "Four dollars if you bring your own hammer. How many do you want?"

"No more than two."

"Which knee?" he wanted to know.

"You mean you aren't going to tap both knees?"

"Only if you want me to examine both ears. And buy at least three chest thumps."

"What are you asking for chest thumps?"

"Three for ten dollars. Today only."

"Make it six for 15 and you've got yourself a deal."

"You sure drive a hard bargain," said the doc, keeping his friendly smile. But on the fifth thump a frown appeared. "Uh, oh," he said. "Sounds like inflammation of the fidetiary amonderemis to me. Either you have an immediate operation or it's curtains."

"Now, wait a minute . . ."

"Okay, okay. The best I can do is $399.95 as long as you buy your ticket thirty days in advance, go to the hospital on Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday only, and stay no longer than an eight-hour shift. You have to bring your own sheets and box lunch. I supply the Band Aids. That's my best package deal."

"I'll take it," I said. "You only live once."

HE smiled. "And that's without anaesthesia. Your place or mine? After all, the cost of a hospital room is pushing two hundred bucks a day."

"Are you out of your mind!" I cried. "I want the finest specialists, the most intensive care, and hot and cold running nurses around the clock. Hang the expense. What's money at a time like this?"

"You could try a boycott package," he said.

"You mean withholding my body from your friendly hands?"

He nodded. "Dead or alive."

—JOHN KEEFAUVER

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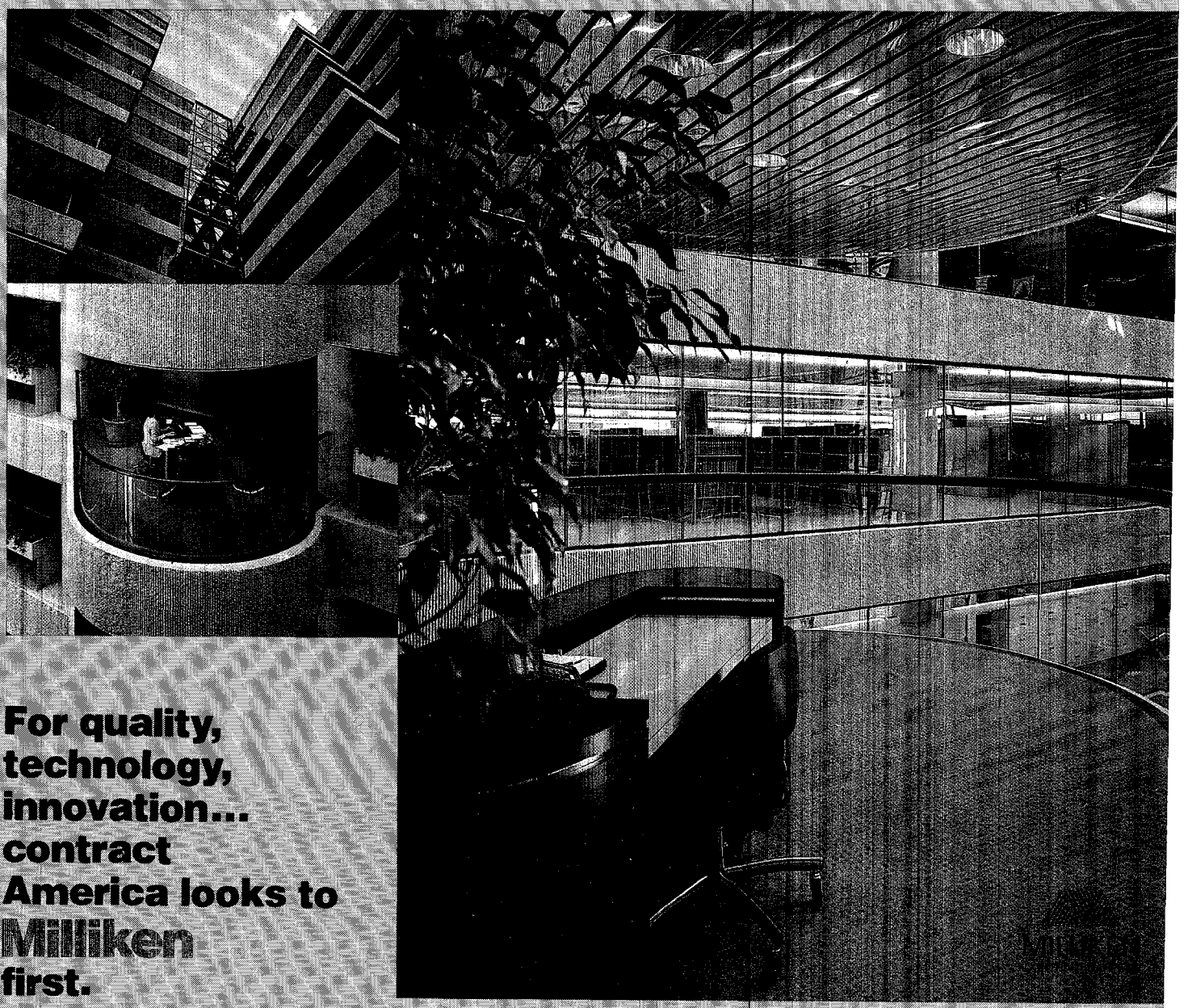

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Aye-Aye, Sir

He called for right full rudder;
The ship's begun to turn.
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The waves will smash amidships,
But if the course holds true,
He'll please the crew and passengers
And Tip in steerage, too.

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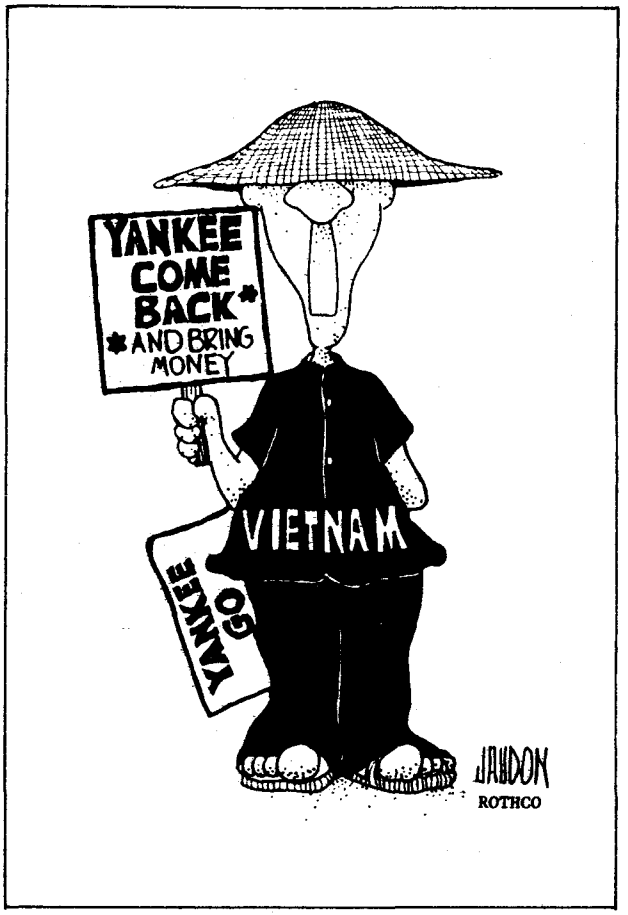

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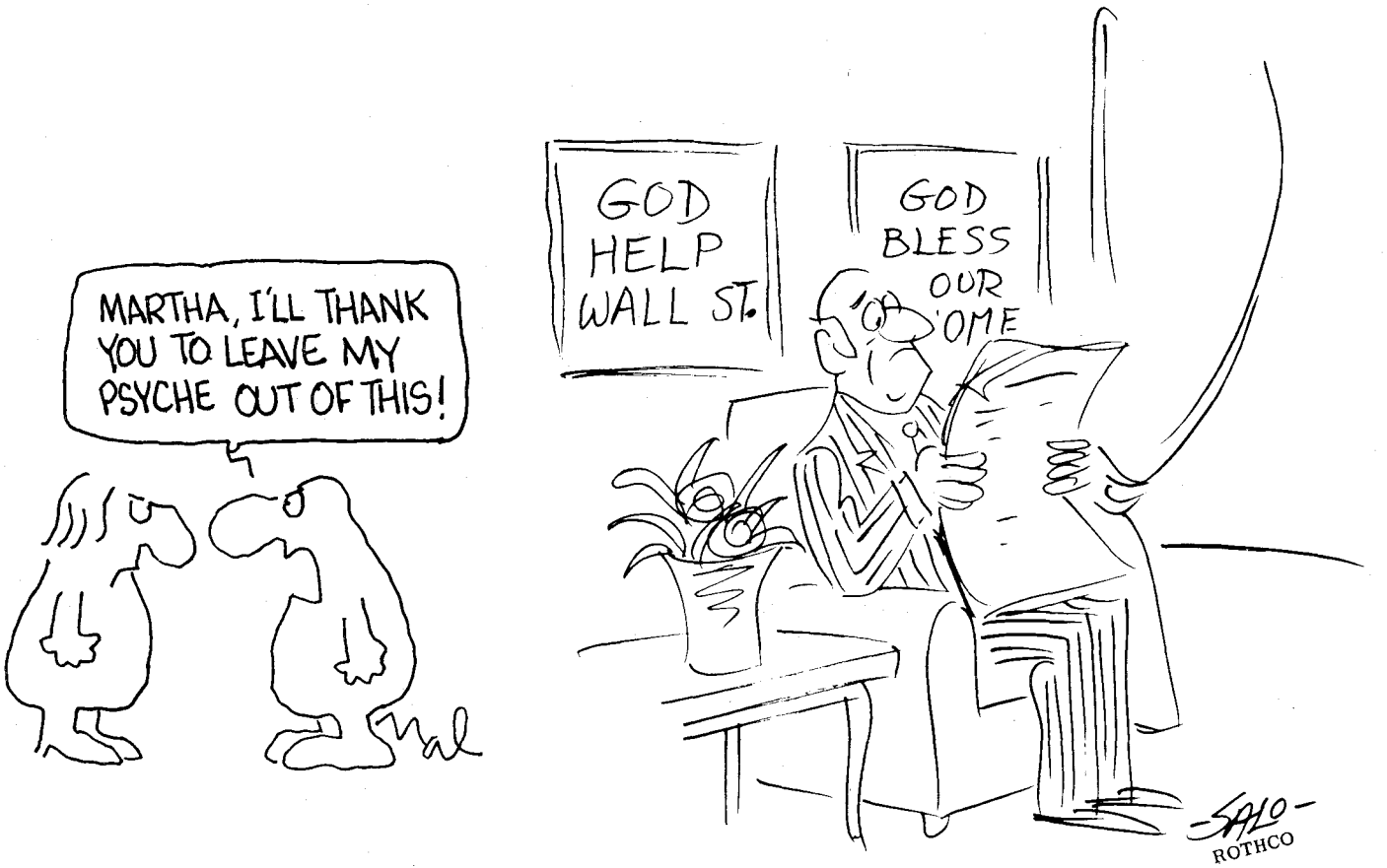

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FLOWER CHILD UPDATE

'He is part of the living evidence of the permanent victories which the counterculture has won in America, victories so thoroughly ratified that to the unobservant they might pass unnoticed'

A Child of His Times

JAMES HITCHCOCK

LARRY, AGED FORTY, has just returned to his home town in the Midwest after several years in California. He is living with his two children, both in grammar school, on a farm on the outskirts of a metropolitan area.

Larry is divorced, and his ex-wife legally has custody of the children. However, at the end of one visit he simply failed to send them back. She is married and living in another state, and she has not made an issue of the matter. Larry has a middle-level management position with a company in the city and sleeps in town several nights a week, at which time the children are on their own. He justifies keeping the children from their mother on the grounds that "she won't give them the kind of attention I do."

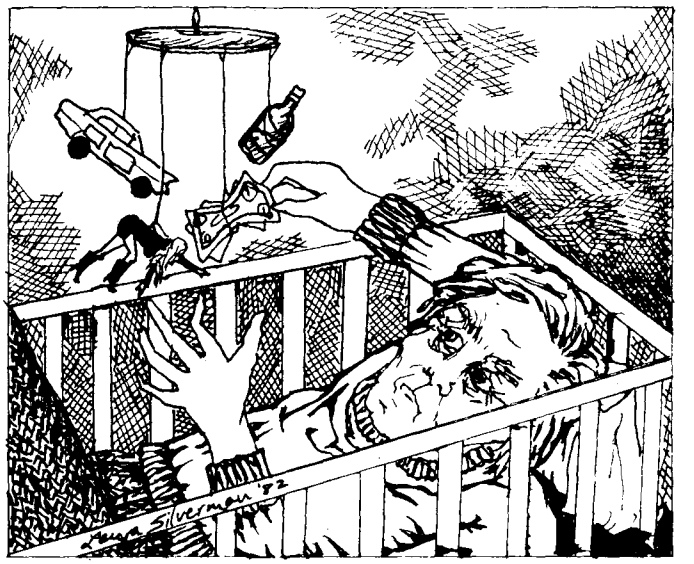
There is more than crude rationalization in this seeming contradiction, however, for Larry is convinced that the usual criteria of good parenting not only do not apply in his case but, in fact, are generally pernicious. To have his children raised in a conventional suburban setting would be to corrupt them and handicap them for life. His own frequent absences are mild disadvantages by comparison and have the benefit of freeing the children psychologically from dependence on a parent. The traditional family, in Larry's view, is the source of most of the world's problems, since it imparts attitudes of closed-mindedness and possessiveness toward both goods and people. The worst expression of these attitudes is traditional sexual morality, which Larry regards as the root of most other evils.

When Larry and Rita's marriage broke up their friends were surprised, but not for the usual reasons. Infidelities on both sides had been so common for years that there seemed little reason for them to divorce. What insult, people wondered, could still give offense to either? Why bother with the complications of a legal divorce? The reasons for the divorce are still not clear to outsiders.

Larry and Rita were both raised in fairly strict Catholic families and attended religious schools at every level. Rita's piety was conventional and unreflective; it was, apparently, shed with little trauma. Larry tended to go through alternating periods of rebellious skepticism and intense belief before giving religion up permanently shortly after he got married.

Until Women's Liberation penetrated the rather provincial circle in which he moved, Larry was a classic male chauvinist. In college he used to say that he would never marry a girl unless he was convinced that, if he told her they were moving out of town the next day, she would start packing without even asking why. Rita appeared to be such a girl, someone who was psychically and perhaps even physically de-energized, passively willing to have someone tell her what to think, say, even wear. Although her entire set of conscious values must have been affronted, she complied with Larry's request, first, that she pose for hundreds of nude photographs; second, that she permit these to be shown around (once at Larry's high-school reunion); and, finally, that she participate in various kinds of sexual activities with a widening circle of friends and acquaintances. While married, Rita gave practically no overt indication that she disliked any of this. Afterward Larry was indignant that she complained of coercion.

Today Larry buys the whole ideology of Women's Liberation almost without reservation, and he can chuckle over the fact that Rita went to her first "consciousness-raising" sessions on his orders. At that point, he still wanted a wife who was subservient to him, but one who could also entertain the daring ideas that seemed to make life more interesting. Since his divorce Larry has preferred much younger women who combine sexual liberation with an independent attitude. For a time he lived with a girl of admitted lesbian tastes, and he took it as a compliment that she found him satisfying. But she moved out after a few months, and he now recognizes that marriage is for him psychologically impossible, even if



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it were theoretically desirable. Among other things, he no longer finds his sexual appetites very urgent.

As sex starts to recede as his major obsession, private property, always a close second, seems to move up. Larry has no theoretical case against private property, merely a visceral antagonism toward it. He has not read enough to be even an elementary Marxist, and he is in any case casually contemptuous of both politicians and intellectuals. He has, however, roughly divided the world into two classes: those who possess too much property and those who possess too little; and he sees much of life as a continuing combat between the two.

Membership in the deprived group is not based on measurable criteria. At certain periods of his life Larry has probably had an annual income approaching $50,000, yet he has never ceased thinking of himself as a member of the class of people being "ripped off" by the wealthy. He regards virtually all violent crime as economically motivated, and dismisses as irrelevant the fact that many street criminals are better off than their victims. Being oppressed is a state of mind, he insists, and if a man believes himself to be oppressed no one can legitimately tell him he is not.

Larry and a friend once devised a rather simple but almost foolproof scheme for cashing bad checks in supermarkets, using several bank accounts newly opened under aliases. The ease of it delighted him more than the money. Twice his power lawnmower was stolen from his garage. Each time he found it ridiculously easy to carry a replacement out of a store. While he would not claim that the store "owed" him a replacement, at some level of his being he seems to believe that. In any case the store is seen as an obscenely rich institution which deserves to be victimized.

At the same time Larry is anything but greedy. At several points in his life he has given up well-paying jobs he found unsatisfying. Once he invested a substantial sum of money in a small business, and although he strongly suspected the manager was cheating him, he did nothing about it. Eventually he moved away without even claiming his investment.

Since Larry's level of reflection falls short of the philosophical, he cannot be said exactly to be proving a point in his assaults on retail establishments. Rather he has a deeply rooted visceral need to punish them in some way, based on an image of a world divided between "us" and "them" in which "them" is the impersonal corporation. People constantly point out to him that shoplifting losses are passed on to the customers, so that it is Larry's neighbors who are being robbed by his actions. He dismisses this, however, as corporate propaganda. Larry can be generous in his dealings with individuals, and even forgetful of personal injuries. But it is of the essence of his working creed that he acknowledge no such thing as social obligation. To entertain the possibility that by shoplifting he is robbing ordinary people would be to recognize such an obligation, to posit a web of relationships he has spent most of his adult life denying. In traditional religious terms, he is capable of occasional acts of charity while virtually denying the reality of justice, except as it applies to individuals who feel aggrieved by "the system."

Mr. Hitchcock is a professor of history at St. Louis University. His books include The Decline and Fall of Radical Catholicism, Catholicism and Modernity, *and most recently,* The New Enthusiasts.

During the 1960s he held conventional left-liberal opinions, although he was never an activist. Since the government, especially in such incarnations as the army and the police, was self-evidently an institution that existed to oppress individuals, he found it easy to adopt practically the whole New Left outlook. He remained outside the movement per se because he saw political action as boring and pointless, the activists themselves as naïve and ridiculously self-important.

In the end, Larry was one of those people for whom the New Left was merely an unsatisfying rehearsal for the counterculture. To assert one's defiance of the draft, or to support the claims of aggrieved social groups, failed to get at the heart of the problem—which was the need for a systematic rejection of all forms of restraint on the self. After the outer layers had been peeled away, it was institutions with spiritual claims on people—churches, marriage and the family, finally morality itself—that were found to be the most oppressive.

As a fairly typical product of the 1950s, Larry had been part of the beer-drinking culture, which was initially hostile to drug-users. Before long, however, he discovered that drugs could indeed be pleasurable, and the fact that they were forbidden by law greatly enhanced their attractiveness. Using drugs was both an act of defiance of social conventions and an important step along the road to total sensual fulfillment. In Larry's mind, the greatest evil (closely linked with, and ultimately more serious than, private property) came to be the denial to anyone of the right to follow his sensual instincts. He regarded narcotics officers, for example, as self-evidently evil people, a particular case of police in general.

Seemingly devoid of self-destructive impulses, Larry always used drugs moderately. Today, however, he can refer casually to the deterioration of his memory as a direct result of his indulgence. He has seen people ruined by drugs, as he has seen numerous marriages ruined by the kind of sexual adventurism he has promoted. To some extent he seems to regard these breakdowns almost benignly, as if they represented creative personal choices; in any case, in his view they have desirable social results in further undermining established social conventions. Insofar as he acknowledges the undeniably bad effects of sensual self-indulgence, he seems to believe that the good effects are worth the price.

Until Women's Liberation forced him to adopt a different style, Larry was incorrigibly "macho." He once threw a homosexual hitchhiker into the street, an act which he boasted about for some time afterward. His sexual instincts are still uniformly heterosexual. But he admits it is important in his world to remain "open to all experiences." He also recognizes the ideological importance of the "gay rights" movement as an assault on traditional moral and social values, and thus he supports it.

As we have noted, Larry was never really political, although he held most of the fashionable New Left opinions ten years ago. However, at one point in his life he was motivated at least in part by a kind of moral idealism. He left a well-paid executive job to teach in a ghetto school, and for a time he lived in a largely black neighborhood, his instincts making it easy for him to identify with a resentful underclass against an oppressive Establishment.

He left his ghetto school without warning in the middle of the semester, after a quarrel with the principal, and, since he

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habitually used false addresses to avoid bill collectors, the school was unable to contact him. For days the principal was not even sure if Larry was coming back.

This break apparently marked the beginning of his disillusionment with even the semblance of idealistic politics. His hatred of "the Establishment" receded not at all. However, his anti-establishmentarianism now expanded paradoxically to include almost everyone who claimed to be on the side of the oppressed. In particular it included black "militants" of all kinds, whom he came to regard as self-seeking hypocrites.

Now Larry spices his conversation with overtly racist remarks, partly to shock his liberal friends who can no longer be shocked by his ideas about sex, but in the main probably out of sincerity. He regards all strategies for racial integration as further examples of dictatorial repressiveness on the part of the Establishment and openly proclaims that he has chosen to live on a farm so his children will not have to attend school with blacks. Even if he were not personally hostile to blacks, of course, he would still have to reject without compromise the notion that white people have any kind of moral obligation toward them. Such a concept of human relations is utterly outside his powers of imagination. The very idea of "obligation" is translated into "imposition."

Since his anti-police and anti-military attitudes were already fairly well formed before the New Left gave them intellectual respectability, they remain almost entirely unchanged, if somewhat less fanatical. Larry presents the paradox of the pacifist who does not believe in the sanctity of human life. For him pacifism, while an absolute, is not arrived at positively; it is dictated by a series of negative imperatives: there is nothing in the world worth fighting for; society cannot make demands of this kind upon its members; wars serve only the interests of the Establishment; war implies some illusory transcendent moral or social purpose in life. It is precisely because of his profound *indifference* to the fate of others that Larry finds the idea of war unthinkable.

Larry does admit to a lingering, essentially atavistic, sense that human life is somehow sacred. He has never been a physically violent person, and he tells his children it is best to avoid fistfights whenever possible. (Over the years he has sometimes preferred theft or vandalism as means of revenge against those who have offended him.) However, when asked directly if he thinks human life embodies a kind of moral absolute, he first temporizes and then says no. There seem to be two key considerations for him. One is his need to keep all "options" open, not to close off any possibilities of conduct, especially when established opinion has declared them forbidden. The other is the fact that one of the few things that call forth his unreserved respect is some act of daring iconoclasm. He has a sneaking, or not so sneaking, admiration for the individual who resorts to direct and violent deeds to get what he wants or to thwart a perceived oppressor. Killing is, after all, the ultimate act of self-assertion, the ultimate rejection of established values, the ultimate catharsis of personal frustrations.

Another of Larry's very small but serviceable stock of negative absolutes is the imperative never to pass moral judgment on any kind of human behavior, especially that which runs counter to social respectability. The undeniable fact that innocent people are slain every day must be brushed aside, apparently on the understanding that killers wouldn't kill unless their impulse was very strong.

The very word "moral" grates on Larry's ears, irredeemably tied as it is to notions of social respectability and establishmentarian repression. Those who claim to know the difference between right and wrong seem to him to be trying to proclaim themselves better than others. Morality is simply a ploy to gain certain kinds of social control. Larry is genuinely tolerant even of "straight" people, so long as they give no hint of thinking their way of life rests on anything other than personal preference.

Systematically open to every new idea, Larry in the late 1970s came upon the philosophy of "mellow." By nature combative and obsessedly vigilant against violations of his rights, he now smiles tolerantly even at deliberate insults, remains relatively calm even in the midst of passionate argument, and shows no disposition to get revenge for palpable injuries like the loss of his money in the business venture.

THE philosophy of "mellow" has come to serve a practically indispensable function in Larry's life, in a way rather reminiscent of Hobbesian political philosophy. At bottom, Larry seems to view life as the warfare of innumerable self-interests, some of them using hypocritical idealism as a cloak. There is thus no moral basis for imposing either self-control or restraints on others. The logical result would seem to be precisely the self-destructive predatoriness which Hobbes foresaw (for example, when asked what would happen if everyone acted as he does with regard to property, Larry cheerfully admits that the results might be chaotic). "Mellow" allows for a respite from this strife which is wholly amoral and has the additional advantage of being fashionable. The point of being mellow, in Larry's case, is that getting upset at what others do is simply allowing others to impose yet another mode of control.

Although Larry is a college graduate, his degree was in business, and insofar as he has attempted to form a view of the world which is at all philosophical he is essentially an autodidact. Through all his years of schooling (he even put in a bit of time in graduate school) he has managed to retain the pugnacious suspiciousness toward learning characteristic of self-conscious graduates of the school of hard knocks. He takes no idea seriously unless he has somehow discovered it for himself, and he remains convinced that most people who claim to know anything about the world

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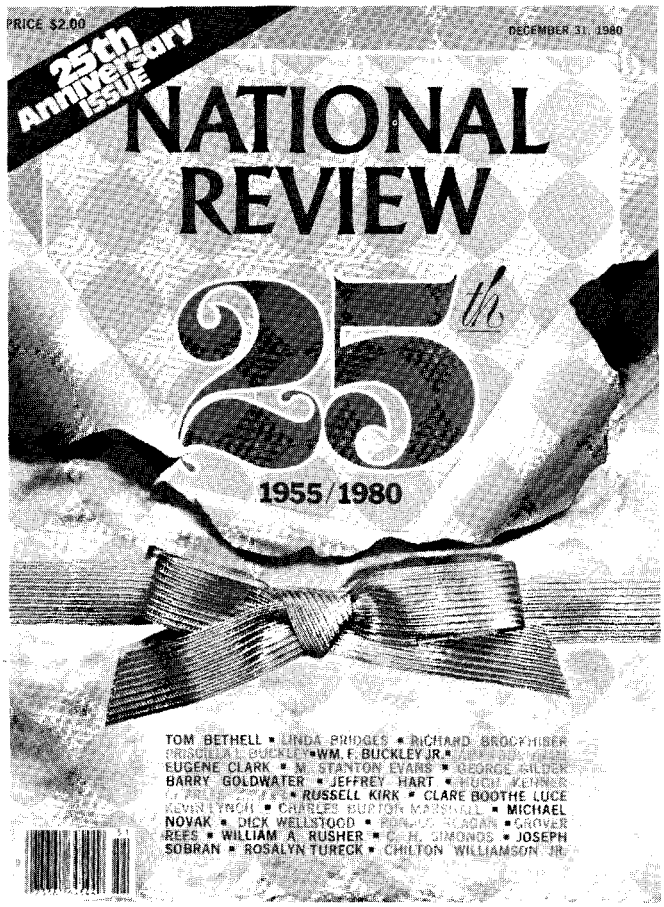
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are self-important frauds. He enjoys classical music as a sensuous experience. However, almost all other aspects of high culture remain closed to him. He is continually revolving ideas which philosophers and novelists have probed for centuries, but he remains both oblivious to this history and wholly incurious.

In the odd way characteristic of many autodidacts, he is simultaneously densely resistant to outside influences and highly impressionable. Friends sometimes discover, after hours of intense discussion, that he has understood their arguments hardly at all, since his own categories of understanding are so ironclad that they cannot easily admit new data. On the other hand, these same friends are also startled when they learn that a chance remark of theirs, dropped years before, has been part of Larry's mental furniture ever since, because at some moment in time it was the precise tool needed to articulate an obscurely felt instinct.

Larry reads relatively little. For a time, what used to be called men's magazines constituted his chief literary diet, and he absorbed Hugh Hefner's "Playboy philosophy" almost as if it were written for him personally (although, characteristically, he also regarded Hefner as pompous and long-winded). His great intellectual discovery in the mid-1960s was the "human potential" movement, and for a time he devoured writers like Thomas Harris (*I'm Okay, You're Okay*) and Eric Berne (*Games People Play*).

It is doubtful, however, that Larry is open to a genuinely new idea. What these writers did for him was mainly to articulate a way of looking at the world which corresponded to his inveterate feelings and at the same time to give those feelings a certain respectability. Whatever the authors may have intended, what Larry took from them was the lesson that self-assertiveness is the essence of life, that all moral claims are impositions by others, and that personal feelings and desires largely define acceptable and unacceptable behavior. For most of his life Larry had been taught about duty and restraint, concepts at which he was usually inclined to thumb his nose. Suddenly it dawned on him that the most "advanced" thinkers in his culture were doing exactly the same thing.

In essence, what the cultural revolution of the past 15 years has done for Larry is to legitimize *ressentiment*, to make it unnecessary to discriminate between a genuine thirst for freedom and justice, on the one hand, and envy and willful indifference, on the other.

Ostensibly Larry is hopeful about the long-range future of society, and he has spun out a rather complex if hardly original theory whereby, if children are raised in a wholly permissive environment, they will not develop those neuroses —possessiveness, insecurity, craving for order—which are the root of all the world's problems. Although he found the book excessively abstract and naïve, fundamentally he agrees with Charles Reich's *The Greening of America*, especially its dismissal of political action as a means of social change, with psychological transformation taking its place. In an odd way, despite his contempt for the marketplace, Larry espouses a psychic theory parallel to Adam Smith's economic laws: If each person consistently follows his or her pleasure-seeking instincts, the ultimate result cannot help but be beneficial to all.

At the same time, however, one quickly senses a kind of restless nihilism at the root of Larry's ideologies. His life follows a pattern in which sooner or later every apparently positive element—marriage, career, business—is destroyed. What seems to be involved is nothing so simple as a self-destructive impulse. It is rather an extreme case of the kind of narcissistic solipsism which has been identified as the besetting psychic disorder of the age. On one level, he cannot believe that anything outside himself is real. On another level, insofar as he acknowledges external reality, he finds it threatening and oppressive. The only world in which he is comfortable is one entirely of his own making, one in which everything external is transformed to his liking.

Larry's "idealistic" phase of life, roughly coinciding with the earlier, idealistic phase of the New Left, was lived in service to a nihilistic purpose not understood at the time even by Larry. Conventional morality, and the institutions which embodied that morality, could be attacked and ultimately destroyed in the name of a higher morality. But once socially reinforced values had been discredited, what remained for people like Larry was not a higher morality but no morality at all, a cynicism so deep that it did not even need to express itself in the cynic's usual mocking sallies. The urge to negate, to discredit, to destroy whatever is established is now purely reflexive; it goes into operation with scarcely any conscious advertence. Thus, Larry can admit without embarrassment that the prospect of an America annihilated by some enemy is not altogether unpleasing to him. He cannot conceive that anyone could be so attached to the existing conditions of life as to be willing to defend them to the death.

In fairness to Hugh Hefner, it might be said that Larry is perhaps not exactly the product the "Playboy philosophy" was intended to spawn. Yet he is a product which could have been easily predicted. If the disease of solipsism is not the creation of the "self-fulfillment" prophets of the past two decades, they nonetheless have functioned rather like physicians prescribing sugar to diabetics. Rarely in history has there been so obvious a case of the cure being worse than the disease—or, more accurately, a cause of the disease. Larry is the result not of the honorable tradition of liberalism itself but of what Leopold Tyrmand has called liberal culture, that is, the final debasement of liberalism into the indiscriminate huckstering of whatever calls itself by the name of freedom.

How typical is Larry? Obviously he is an unusually well-developed "ideal type," met with in pure form somewhat rarely. But he is representative of a type which attracts open or covert admiration from many other people, some of them in influential social positions, who for various reasons fall short of living that way themselves, rather as a devout Catholic might admire monks without intending to become one.

Larry is part of the living evidence of the permanent victories which the counterculture has won in America, victories so thoroughly ratified that to the unobservant they might pass unnoticed. It is important to recognize, however, that what engages his energies is not simply a continuation of the social and cultural battles of the decade past. The very notion of a battle in that sense is already foreign to Larry's evolved temperament. The question he contemplates is not whether human society should be transformed, and how, but whether it should exist at all. For many persons of Larry's generation, this remains an open question. □

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Abroad

Teheran *The Terror Continues*

When will there be an end to official terror in Iran? "The Islamic revolution has no other means than bloody and violent purification," announced Ayatollah Rafsanjani, the president of parliament, the other day, and dissident Moslems, members of Marxist splinter groups, royalists, Kurds, and bazaar shopkeepers continue to be shot or hanged regularly for "anti-revolutionary activities." The Iranian government claims that, because the country is in a state of war with Iraq, its victims are guilty of conniving with Iraqi agents to overthrow the regime. It is certain that hardly a day goes by without a violent assault against a policeman; an assassination attempt against a religious or political leader; or the bombing of a government building. Everything points to an intensification of state terror in reprisal for this "terrorism" of the opposition. Particular persecution seems aimed at the Ba'hai religious community, which is scrupulously nonpolitical and nonviolent. Five of the eight members of the Ba'hai governing assembly were killed after having been accused of "espionage on behalf of Israel and the United States."

Tokyo *Farmer's Market*

Asia has become the biggest market for American farm exports, outstripping Europe last year by $16.1 billion to $15.6 billion, and has become the most important world outlet for the United States, as Agriculture Secretary John Block noted here recently. European consumption is still of great importance to the American farmer, but owing to the tendency of the European Economic Community to impose progressively higher trade barriers, farm business with Asia has grown far more rapidly in recent times. Japan, for example, has become the largest single-country market for American farm output, buying more than $6 billion worth of agricultural goods a year, and on strictly commercial terms. Both China and South Korea have gone over the $2 billion mark. Taiwan has topped the $1 billion level, and so on. Some countries, notably China, have difficulty scraping together enough hard currency to buy as much American farm products as they need. So American officials interested in selling to China must find or devise credit arrangements which will enable the Chinese to trade reasonably. Only about 5 per cent of a total of $43 billion of U.S. farm exports are sold with credit help, but the margin represents an important difference between profit and loss for American farmers.

Brasilia *The Last Environment*

The great Amazonian rain forest, lying in the central basin of the South American continent and mostly within the frontiers of Brazil, has at last attracted the serious attention of Brazilian government planners. The trees which now cover five million square kilometers are being cut down so fast there will be little left by the end of the century. In the rapidly developing Rondonia region, according to one study, there will be almost no forest left at all in four years. The total forest area has shrunk by 12 per cent since European colonists first arrived in Brazil four hundred years ago, but most of it has disappeared in recent times. Arterial roads, fostered by the military government which took power in 1964, have spread rapidly out to the west of the country with the use of heavy mechanized clearing equipment. Where once it took a team of six to eight men with axes and mattocks seven days to clear one hectare (2.3 acres), one man with a chain saw can clear a hectare in two days. Two tractors with huge chains can clear forty acres a day. As a result there are now great cattle ranches and crop plantations covering thousands of acres in the cleared land owned by multinational corporations or absentee landlords. Contrary to popular belief, the rain forest, or jungle, is a fragile environment built up over the centuries through rain and sunshine. Once the trees are cut down, the ground is vulnerable to rapid leaching by tropical downpours that are frequent to the region which wash away both the soil and the nutrients in it.

Berlin *Prize Exchange*

Andrei Sakharov, the Nobel prize physicist who is living in forced residence in the town of Gorky in Russia, may be exchanged for an East German general imprisoned in France last year for military spying, according to reports current here. Sakharov's name came up in exchange discussions following the recent trade-off here between East and West German prisoners. The East German officer is General Heinz Bernhard Zorn, 68, arrested in the streets of Lille in August of 1980. He was alleged to have secret documents concerning French tanks and anti-tank weapons on his person when he was arrested.

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By V. S. Naipaul
Knopf, 430 pp., $15

If the Naipaul brothers don't watch out, pretty soon the only place they'll be welcome will be Nova Scotia, and they probably won't like that either. V. S. Naipaul's last book—*The Return of Eva Perón with the Killings in Trinidad*—glared at his native Latin America. *A Bend in the River* vivisected Africa. Brother Shiva examined Jonestown in *Journey to Nowhere*, flailing southern California and Guyana with equal relish. You could call it the will to glower. Together, the Naipauls are the Oriana Fallacci of countries.

Just because someone is out to get you, though, doesn't mean you don't deserve it, and in *Among the Believers* V. S. Naipaul examines a sometimes repellent, always astonishing crew—the Islamic fundamentalists of Asia. Naipaul visits four countries—Khomeini's Iran; Pakistan, founded in 1947 as an explicitly Moslem state; Malaysia, half Moslem, half Chinese; and Indonesia, where the prevailing Islam overlies a still-vivid village culture, originally Hindu—and shows us how the local Moslems cope, or, mostly, fail to cope.

The first thing that strikes one is the appalling ignorance: ignorance of you name it—politics, economics, history, just plain news. In Kuala Lumpur, Naipaul talks with members of an Islamic commune.

> "There is a very good book about the Jews."
>
> The doctor said, "By Henry Ford." . . .
>
> "They are a genius race," the *hajj* said. "Did you know that? This is confirmed by the books of God. . . . They have contributed much in the sense of concepts. Karl Marx."
>
> "Engels," Khairul said, speaking for himself.
>
> The journalist making his notes again at the dressing table, said, "Tolstoy."
>
> "All Jews," the doctor said.

American fundamentalists should sue for slander-by-association. These people make William Jennings Bryan look like Erasmus.

They are equally ignorant of their own past. The first Moslems, who pushed an empire and a faith as far as Spain and Turkestan, were curious men, Naipaul reminds us, eclectic, sophisticated. They invented our numbers and named the stars. Their work on Aristotle helped Aquinas, and their commentaries on Plato inspired Leo Strauss. The Moslem fundamentalists of today profess to honor the first four Caliphs as the only just rulers in history, but they misunderstand them, transforming them into Koran-quoting waxworks. And there is nothing in Moslem theology to correct the misinterpretation. Islam has produced no Augustine, no authoritative delineator of what is Caesar's and what is Allah's. Once the first civilizing impulses faded, the culture disappeared into a dogmatic black hole.

Koranic axioms, unfleshed, unfleshable, rule the societies Naipaul examines. But not alone. The ayatollahs and would-be ayatollahs also depend on the West they hate.

> The West, or the universal civilization it leads, is emotionally rejected. It undermines; it threatens. But at the same time it is needed, for its machines, goods, medicines, warplanes . . . All the rejection of the West is contained within the assumption that there will always exist out there a living, creative civilization, oddly neutral, open to all to appeal to.

Again and again, Naipaul uncovers this need-hate relationship: a Moslem revivalist dying in a Boston hospital; an Indonesian poet, picking up congenial snippets of E. F. Schumacher from his Dutch floozie; Pakistan, scraping by on the wages of emigrant workers; Iran, freed to pursue its theological preoccupations by Western oil payments. The Moslem fundamentalists even take their reputations from Western media: a youth leader in Jakarta quotes *Newsweek*; a school outside Surabaya preens itself on a visit from Ivan Illich. The purists are parasites. Indeed, they are by-products.

> The Islamic revolutionaries have emerged after the colonial cycle, after independence, after money. . . . Money, going down, has drawn them into the civilization that once appeared to be only on the outer edge of darkness but is now universal. These young people do not always like what they find. . . . Their rage is comprehensive. Now they have a weapon: Islam.

James M. Rawley *is a poet and freelance literary critic living in New York.* . . . **Mitchell S. Ross** *is the author of* The Literary Politicians *and* Invitation to Our Times.

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What is wrong with this? Naipaul tries out several answers. Islamic radicalism paves the way for grosser varieties; his guide through Iran is a Communist whose hero is Stalin. The fundamentalists are accused of being impractical, though that is a tricky word, depending as it does on what you choose to practice. (Suppose someone decides to *want* faith and backwardness?) On those occasions when Naipaul is driven to deliver a part of his credo, he incants—civilization, industriousness, institutions—counter-slogans from the editorial page: correct as far as they go, but not, perhaps, going very far.

But the diagnosis is worth the price of admission. If Naipaul could stomach it, I would like to hear what he would say about Saudi Arabia. □

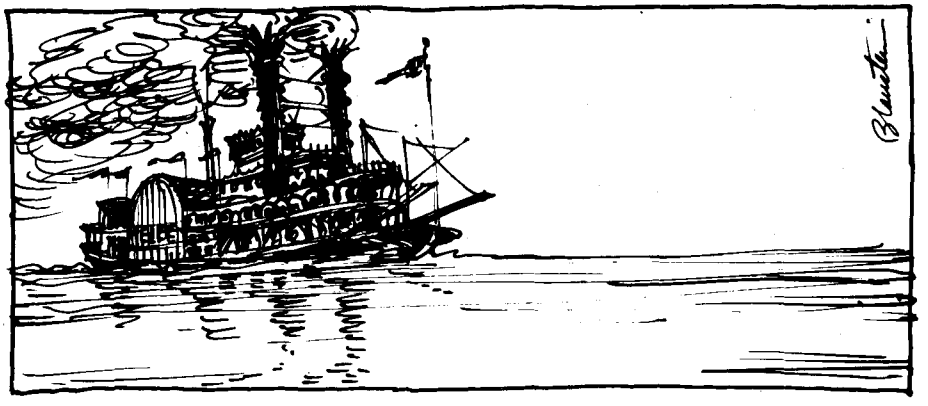
Old Glory: An American Voyage
By Jonathan Raban
Simon & Schuster,
408 pp., $16.95

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI

MITCHELL S. ROSS

After completing his brilliant literary excursion through *Arabia*, Jonathan Raban returned home to London only to find that soon his thoughts were drifting across the Atlantic. There was a portion of the American landscape, fondly remembered from boyhood, that had never been seen in the flesh. "It is called the Mississippi," he writes, "but it is more an imaginary river than a real one. I had first read *Huckleberry Finn* when I was seven."

In September 1979, Raban hired a motorboat in Minneapolis and began the journey that ended with the composition of this book. "The book and the journey would be all of a piece," he writes in recalling his original resolution. "The plot would be written by the current of the river itself." He succeeded as both voyager and writer. After hauling Raban and his boat down a stretch of the Mississippi, a towboat captain handed him a note which read, "I no very little of writers but people I do no. You are a good man to ride the River with." And I, knowing more about



writing than I know about rivers, judge *Old Glory* a handsome narrative.

Raban had hoped the journey would rejuvenate his fallen spirits. "In London," he writes, "I had gone stale and dry. I felt that I had run out of whatever peculiar reserves of moral capital were needed for city life. I couldn't write. For days on end I woke at five, confused and panicky, as the tranquilizers that I'd taken lost their grip." It is unclear whether or not the journey itself did the trick, but I'm confident that what the trip failed to accomplish was covered by the composition of this book. In any event, *Old Glory* is less interesting as a description of Raban's spiritual adventure than as a journalistic account of life on the Mississippi in the late twentieth century.

Raban allows himself an occasional overwrought editorial—"These lovely villages like North Buena Vista were full of people demanding a 'strong leader.' . . . As someone from the fringe of America's colonial sphere I was frightened a good deal more by this than by the Mississippi River." But what of it? Our guide is for the most part concerned with letting us see the faces and hear the voices of the American people, and this yields stylish results.

In Tiptonville, Tennessee, a farmer discourses on the decline of the national prestige: "'You know what started off this whole business? What made us weak like this? It was back in '73, '74. Under Nixon. Beans was standing at, oh, three dollars sixty-four a bushel, right? Then Nixon started selling beans to the Russians, and the price was raised right up to near nine dollars. That's what I date it from, when those beans went up. Now *no* one has any respect for America any more.'"

If, to this farmer, America is no longer worth a hill of beans, to Londoner Raban the American city is not worth much more than that. Contemplating St. Louis's Gateway Arch, he writes with sad, eloquent irony: "Eero Saarinen's huge glittering loop might justifiably have been raised as the crowning splendor of some modernist utopia. Set over St. Louis, linking nothing with nothing, rooted in its own bizarre wilderness of green mud, it looked to me like an expensive practical joke."

Old Glory is not, then, a portrait of an altogether happy land. And yet there is something heartening about the sheer variety of people that Raban describes —from stolid Scandinavians in Minnesota down through the dreamy-eyed sons and daughters of the middle border, and finally the hotheaded Cajuns of Louisiana. There is nothing hackneyed about the scenes that Raban sets for us; as the artist always will, he can make the familiar seem strange, or, at the very least, interesting. This is one of the few recent narratives of American life—factual or fictional—that I have read without skipping a page.

Along the way we are served some invigorating criticism of the nation's life and letters ("at the very least, the Book of Mormon deserves a place in nineteenth century American literature, somewhere between de Tocqueville and the Horatio Alger books") and a romantic interlude that begins and ends, somewhat painfully, in St. Louis.

"'You know?'" says Sally, the girl he meets and then abandons, "'something I didn't kind of see you as? You're a coward.'" Well, no. "She had been right to tag me as a runner-away," Raban confesses. "On my river trip, I thought, I am doing only what I have always been doing: keeping the sky up by keeping on the run." But the author of a book as distinguished as this one is no coward. To be sure, it is sometimes necessary to flee from the common problems of life in order to address the higher concerns of literature; but to do so requires an inner strength that is

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more aptly called courage. As Raban does not make this claim for himself, I make it for him. Out in St. Louis, beer baron Gussie Busch ought to set Raban up with a case of Michelob every month for the rest of his life; and Raban, we may hope, will strike out for other oases of his imagination where his readers can gratefully find him. □

Clifford Odets: American Playwright
By Margaret Brenman-Gibson
Atheneum, 748 pp., $30

GOLDEN BOY

JAMES M. RAWLEY

Clifford Odets, in speaking for himself, became a spokesman for left-leaning members of the disillusioned middle class during the Great Depression of the 1930s. His early plays brought an extraordinary talent for youthful rhetoric to the service of liberalism's golden age. He was quoted on the cover of *Time*: "Down with the general fraud!" His dialogue made history, from the immortal "STRIKE, STRIKE, STRIKE!!!" at the end of *Waiting for Lefty* to the immortally absurd "We could have made wonderful music together" from his first movie, *The General Died at Dawn*.

The Thirties had not ended before Odets had to confront the accusation of having "sold out to Hollywood." By the Forties he was an established screenwriter. His admirers persisted in thinking him a wasted talent, because it was too depressing to see his rebellious youth and wealthy middle age as part of a normal pattern of development, magnified and distorted by his own rhetoric and his importance as a symbol to various political factions. Odets himself, in *The Big Knife* (1949), wrote a play whose main character was an actor who had "gone Hollywood." Audiences found its hero unsympathetic, and the failed play was sold to the movies.

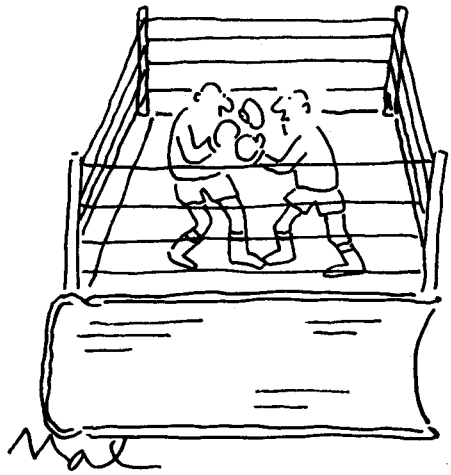
Margaret Brenman-Gibson has both the sympathy and the unclouded vision needed to embrace the thorny problem of Odets. A psychoanalyst whose husband, William Gibson, admires and was influenced by Odets, she has spent ten years gathering biographical materials, supplementing them with her own memories of a long acquaintance. Odets was a compulsive diarist and letter-writer, and many of his relatives were willing to be interviewed at length. Mrs. Brenman-Gibson is an intelligent, honest, and immensely disciplined worker who has assimilated the tricks of melodrama from her subject. Each finely printed paragraph of her more than seven hundred pages has drama and life.

Odets's mother was a melancholy, sensitive woman. His father was a charming, infinitely arrogant man who insisted on getting ahead, changing his name from Gorodetsky to Odets, and denying other parts of his Eastern European Jewish heritage in order to fit in to the American pattern of success. Clifford, his oldest child, ousted from a portion of his mother's love by the birth of a crippled sister, repelled by yet drawn to his father's need for success, would spend his life protecting and yet somehow in rivalry with the abused and crippled of the earth.

It is such a relief to have this shallow outline filled in and redrafted by an expert—it is so gratifying to have the psychoanalytical speculation in a biography for once done by a real psychoanalyst—that it takes a while before the reader begins to have second thoughts about Mrs. Brenman-Gibson's overriding prejudices. She has the artist's gift of summarizing her themes in swift, brilliant glimpses:

> Herman Kobland, Harold Clurman, and Jed Harris saw [Odets] off on his first trip to Los Angeles. Clurman recalled that after Odets had gone through the gate to his train, Harris turned and asked, "Have you ever really been in the money?" Clurman admitted he had not. "Then you don't know," said Harris, "how hard it is to remain a rebel."

She has, besides this, hundreds of footnotes of directly psychoanalytic interest



relegated to the back of the book, as if we might be afraid of them. ("I hope," she says, "even the general reader will risk reading them.") With the cunning of a Gothic novelist, she then arranges it so that some of her most brutal insights occur in the main body of the text. The reader is thus constantly buffeted with neurotic symptoms:

> The triumphant, even vengeful sense of power flowing to Odets from his meteoric success [in the early Thirties] seemed to him a splendid and yet insanely frightening dream. The death of his mother (at the apogee of his "arrival" as an artist) and this changing of places with his father . . . had triggered a severe identity-confusion and, accordingly, a work-stoppage which would forever compromise his creative growth.

Forever! The word is like a knell, and the biography at last wearies us with its funereal emphasis on the waste of Odets's talents. Clurman once said, "Clifford's father, like all cruel men, is extremely sentimental." Mrs. Brenman-Gibson is cruelly frank about Odets's character but turns sentimental when she discusses his plays. Since her analysis pivots on these plays, her unmixed esteem for them damages her work.

Golden Boy, for instance, was damned even by the impeccably liberal Mary McCarthy for its ridiculous premise, which makes a world-class violinist have no source of income but a career as a championship prize fighter. It was popular, and resonates well with Odets's inner conflicts, but it is as surely dated and commercial as his movie work of the same period. Yet Mrs. Brenman-Gibson quotes only favorable reviews or favorable portions of mixed reviews, and utters such meaningless raptures over the work as, "Thirty years after it was written, *Golden Boy* would be recognized as one of the first American existentialist plays." Most early works of American existentialism are in the tough-guy detective genre, to which Odets contributed a screenplay or two, and their aesthetic value is neither enhanced nor diminished by association with a trendy philosophy.

Mrs. Brenman-Gibson will take a second volume to deal with Odets's friendly testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1952, and with the increasing mental torment that preceded his death. The completed work will certainly become a model for later psychoanalytic biographies; so much discipline and affection cannot go

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for naught. But her book lacks humor and balance, as Odets's plays did, and her triumph, like his, is mixed and marred. □

Robert Frost
By Lawrance Thompson and R. H. Winnick
Edited by Edward Connery Lathem
Holt, 543 pp., $25

AGAINST THE DARKNESS

JEFFREY HART

In this one-volume edition of Lawrance Thompson's three-volume life of Frost (R. H. Winnick completed the third volume after Thompson's death), editor Edward Connery Lathem has performed a notable service. Few readers or students could be expected to master the three massive volumes and their hundreds of pages of notes. (Those notes, indeed, represent a kind of book-within-a-book, and tend to be more assertive about Frost's belief in God than is the text they annotate.) In my judgment, Lathem's edition is actually a better book. It is tighter sentence by sentence, and, as might be expected, the narrative has a much more satisfactory pace. It is not too much to say that he has turned a massive work of scholarship into a work of literary art.

Frost remains a popular icon in American culture. People view him affectionately as a white-haired national elder. Thus an amazing gap persists between the popular perception of Frost and the actuality of both his life and his work. Frost was unquestionably a great artist, but—as often happens—his life and his personality were in many respects awful.

Throughout his life, though somewhat less so as an older man, he was almost constantly ill, and it seems impossible to separate out which of his afflictions were psychosomatic. He was neurotic and thin-skinned, imagined that he was dying and that those around him desired his death. He suffered from the flu, grippe, asthma, hay fever, maybe TB, lesions of energy.

Frost's family life sounds like something written by Aeschylus. When Elinor White refused to marry him he tried to commit suicide; when she then agreed to marry him, they undertook a relationship of mutual emotional evisceration. Their baby Eliot died of cholera. Elinor died prematurely of heart disease, at the end not forgiving Frost for their life together. On other lives around him, Frost was a kind of emotional neutron bomb. His son Carol, emotionally crippled, blew his brains out; Carol's young wife was tubercular. Frost's sister Jeannie was crazy and died in an asylum. His daughter Irma was crazy and died in an asylum too, while daughter Marjorie was tubercular and died young of puerperal fever.

And yet, against all of this darkness, there stood Frost's ferocious ambition and his colossal will. His reputation emerged relatively late, but thereafter he ran his career like a field marshal.

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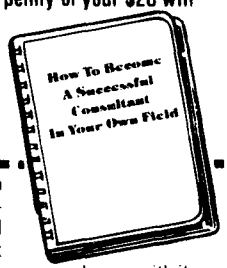

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST OF MARCH: *The Life and Times of Joe McCarthy* (Stein & Day, $19.95), by Thomas C. Reeves, makes its bid for recognition as the definitive—and least biased—biography of the Senator from Wisconsin.

■ MORE APRIL TITLES: *Strictly Personal and Confidential: The Unmailed Letters of Harry Truman* (Little, Brown, $10.95), edited by Monte M. Poen, is a delightful volume of psychological irrepressibility offering perhaps a clue to Mr. Truman's vigorous and healthy longevity. . . . *The Selected Letters of Mark Twain* (Harper & Row, $15), edited and with an introduction and commentary by Charles Neider, is an entertaining book—essentially a redaction of the two-volume collection of letters edited by Albert Bigelow Paine and published in 1917.

Rebecca West's *1900* (Viking, $19.95) is a personal recollection of the launching of the twentieth century: partly memoir, partly social, political, and historical analysis. . . . The same publisher is also reprinting some of Miss West's earliest writings—mainly on feminist and socialist themes—in *The Young Rebecca: Writings of Rebecca West 1911-17* (Viking, $25), selected and introduced by Jane Marcus.

Ronnie Dugger's biography, *The Life and Times of Lyndon Johnson* (Norton, $18.95), is an unbalanced, almost zany, affair crediting the late President with an "Alamo complex."

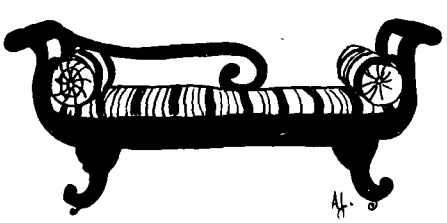
The Book Known as Q: A Consideration of Shakespeare's Sonnets (Atheneum, $14.95), by Robert Giroux, argues that nearly all of the sonnets date from the 1590s and that they severely embarrassed the playwright who had written them when they were first published in book form in 1609 (the quarto known as Q). Giroux is chairman of the board at Farrar, Straus, & Giroux. —CW

He schemed; he created and exploited his image; lesser men who were not his rivals he merely used; his great peers he mocked and scorned. Toward other writers he had almost no generosity. He seemed to like only the British writer Edward Thomas, perhaps because Thomas's emotional problems much resembled his own. In any case, from the sole perspective of his relations with Frost, Thomas was probably lucky to die during WWI. Otherwise, Frost considered Pound (who had helped launch him) and Eliot to be frauds, Joyce and Lawrence to be wallowers in muck. His dismissals were often at once devastating and hilarious, as on Carl Sandburg: "His affectations have almost buried him out of sight . . . I heard someone say he was the kind of writer who had everything to gain and nothing to lose by being translated into another language." But out of all the pain and pettiness, like flowers growing on a compost heap, came that extraordinary body of poetry.

Frost is perceived as a traditionalist, in contrast to the modernists, but as much as Pound or Eliot he attempted to do something new: to make poetry out of "talk." A poem could not, he believed, sound "too much like talk." Its lines should convey tones of voice that connected the words with the deepest human feelings. His prosodic models were Vergil's eclogues, some of Shakespeare's dialogue, poems by Wordsworth and Herrick. In the context he creates, the talk, because of its complex subsurface possibilities, becomes immensely powerful. On the page, his lines *retain* those complex possibilities: *"Earth's the right place for love: / I don't know where it's likely to go better."* The competing tones possible make that a rich dramatic statement. You can read what is perhaps his most famous line several different ways: *"And miles to go before I sleep."* The weariness, the determination, the assertion of will, the metaphoric possibility are all there.

THE LAST six words of his "Pauper Witch of Grafton" represent a tour de force and something new in writing. An old pauper is near the end of her life, but she had lived a wild and romantic life as a young woman. She reflects:

You can *come down from everything to nothing.*
All is, if I'd a known when I was young
And full of it, that this would be the end,
It doesn't seem as if I'd had the courage
To make so free and kick up in folks' faces.
I might have, but it doesn't seem as if.



But it doesn't seem as if. That, indeed, is making much of a diminished thing, and the poets down at the Mermaid would have loved it.

And so in this great biography we have the drama of Robert Frost: the man on the one hand, the art on the other; the transitory and the permanent, the disastrous and the triumphant. Those antinomies are certainly not unfamiliar among artists, but in Frost they seem unusually extreme. This new edition makes the whole story, epic in the end, much more accessible. □

Ken Kesey
By Barry H. Leeds
Ungar, 146 pp., $10.95

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D. KEITH MANO

In 1960 the United States Government paid Ken Kesey to vape out on LSD and several other psychomimetic prescription goods. This indirect grant (he volunteered as taster, you might say, at Menlo Park VA Hospital) is a rare instance of constructive federal support for new fiction.

Half in love with madness and mind torque, Kesey became night attendant on the mental wards at Menlo Park. He was all of 25 years old: handsome, magnetic, powerful (a near Olympic college wrestler). From this gig, in 1962, *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest* would hatch. Kesey, a Prussian for realism, even underwent electroshock treatment as original source research. He wrote "both on the ward and on drugs, double-checking my material so to speak." *Cuckoo*, of course, was an instant lifetime pension for him. From then on, Professor Barry H. Leeds will tell you, "To a degree exceeded only by Norman Mailer and Ernest Hemingway, Ken Kesey has assumed a flamboyant public posture that has been bound to the critical and popular reception of his books."

And what posturing. In 1964, soon after his second novel, *Sometimes a Great Notion*, was put to press, Kesey

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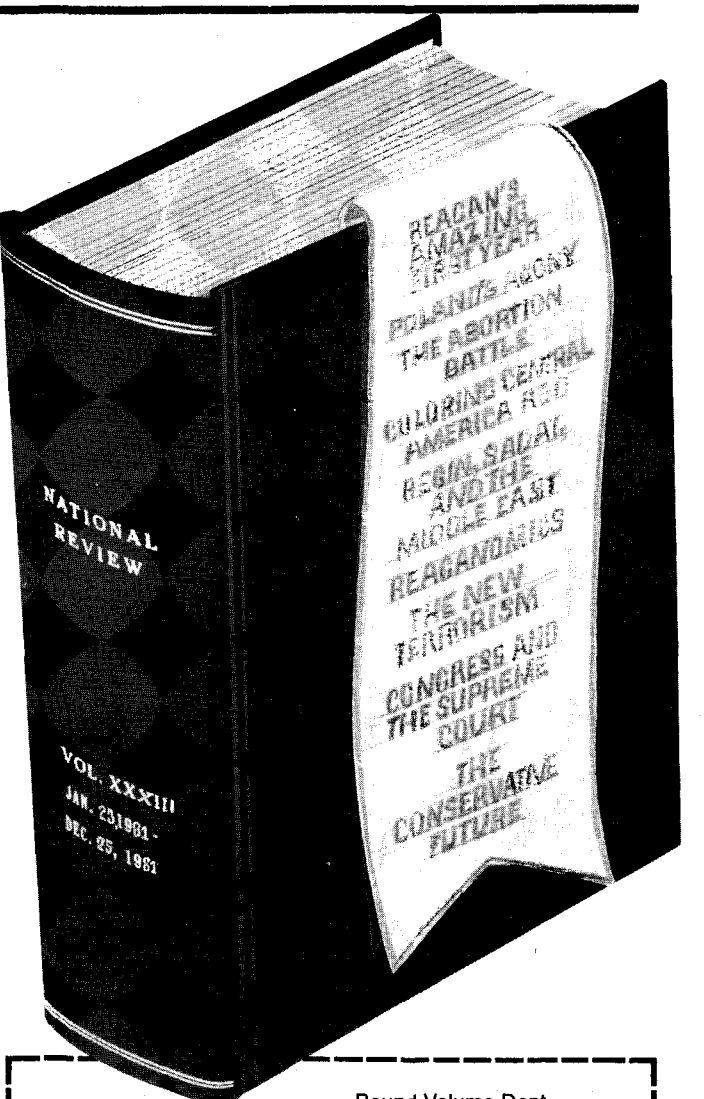

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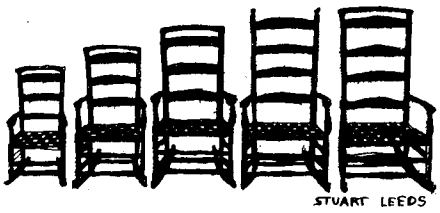
and Co. careened cross-nation in the famous Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test psychedelic bus. He was making new journalism while he drove. Imagine, not even thirty and here Kesey is, more than just a successful novelist, a successful semi-fictional *character* as well —zam, yaah, budda-budda—a Tom Wolfe character no less. By 1965, though, dinner was stone soup. Kesey had been arrested twice on marijuana possession (which is rather like citing Auschwitz for a rent-control violation). He would jump bail and go to ground in Mexico with wife, three children, various Merry Pranksters, and the 19-year-old girl who eventually bore his fourth child. In 1966, "posing as a drunken cowboy singer riding a horse," outlaw Kesey snuck back across. For some while he played Scarlet Pimpernel with the FBI. Ah, it was a perfect 1960s life. Caught at last, Kesey did time and, in 1967, went to Oregon where he has been, uh, raising dairy cattle ever since.

Leeds, who wrote a stimulating previous study, *The Structured Vision of Norman Mailer*, has put Kesey in fine perspective here. This is forthright, accurate, close textual criticism: expert as the priesthood. Leeds will seldom assert his own ego: he might even be thought over-deferential here and there. Moreover, he has eschewed psychological stool-sampling, seductive though that approach must surely be. Leeds would rather concentrate on the mature, incisive use of symbolism in both *Cuckoo* and *Great Notion*, which, when you consider that they were written at ages 27 and 29, is more than just impressive. Kesey, given his image-lathing and pharmacological interest, was a miraculous child indeed.

"Unfortunately, the vast preponderance of Kesey criticism has limited itself to *Cuckoo's Nest* . . . the relative neglect of *Sometimes a Great Notion* by most critics is indefensible . . . It is unquestionably his masterpiece." I would agree: *Cuckoo* is high, very high, melodrama. Maybe I'm tired of stories that face the little man off against some cold omnipotent organization in a cunning sentimental appeal to our own inadequacy. Nurse Ratched and her Combine are predictable: machine part *versus* soft vital organ. Then again, the 1960s saw confrontation that way. It was more reassuring to externalize human malevolence. Though a difficult book, *Great*



Notion is much less programmatic. It also has assayed ambitious vocal and structural effects. Give Kesey an A for lack of effort: nowhere did he capitalize on his very saleable psychedelic background: Tom Wolfe, not Kesey, wrote *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. There were $250,000 advances in that bus trip, but Kesey resisted them. He was a novelist.

Though it would seem to be the simpler question, somehow we are more intrigued by why writers stop than why they start. Kesey is set in peat at present. Mine tailings of a new novel have come out, but as reported here, they sound tentative and super-fantastic. Around 1964-65 Kesey, in his own version, had begun to find fiction obsolete. Free acid lunches seemed more pertinent. The problem now may be persona rehabilitation. Few men have more than one decade in them. How to be a 1980s idol, when before you epitomized 1960 itself? Kesey and Tip O'Neill could use the same image upholsterer. To quote Professor Leeds, "In the case of Kesey it is doubtful whether subsequent novels, be they few or many, will make a substantial difference in the literary value of his work."

Better to leave Ken Kesey back there with those children I no longer recognize from my high school photo. It would be more comforting for that whole half generation turning forty just now, if he remained the Salinger of the 1960s. □

FILM

CHILE CON CARNAGE

JOHN SIMON

Missing is Costa-Gavras's latest political thriller, based on Thomas Hauser's book about the assassination in Chile of Charlie Horman, a young American writer and journalist. It tells mostly about how Beth, Charlie's wife, and Ed, his father, search for Charlie after hi disappearance shortly after the militar coup in Chile. Ed Horman is a prosper ous businessman, a Christian Scientist and a conservative; Charlie and Beth' mildly leftist views are weird, indee incomprehensible, to him. As he an Beth get the runaround from the Amer ican authorities in Chile (the country i never named, but easily identifiable) Ed witnesses more and more killing and other horrors, and as American in volvement in local politics become clearer and unholier, Ed and Beth ge touchingly closer to each other. Charlie' death is finally confirmed, and Ed an Beth return to the States, where he in itiates a lawsuit against 11 American who, apparently, contributed to Charlie' demise. The suit gets nowhere.

The film begins with the announce ment that it is a true story. I would as sume that a lot of it is, though there ar some concessions to cinematic thriller making. Not one of the American offi cials we meet in the film is anything bu smarmy, hypocritical, cowardly, or out right sinister; only one female foreig correspondent and one economic ad visor to the Ford Foundation prove a all decent or trustworthy, though ever they are far too scared to deploy thei humanity beyond a reasonably saf point. Of the Chileans, one sees only subordinate figures, but they are suf ficient to inspire fear and loathing. Ye Costa-Gavras and his co-scenarist, Don ald Stewart, are shrewd enough to stop generally a little short of the worst Dead bodies lie about plentifully, and torture is hinted at abundantly; bu what we see is mostly minor acts o brutality and a pervasive state of ter ror.

There is welcome restraint in the speechifying, too. Though the bad guys, from the American ambassador down, are allowed their share of dubious disclaimers, palpable evasions, and fake analogies, the good guys are not permitted to utter more than an absolute minimum of righteous indignation. Costa-Gavras concentrates on the bureaucratization of evil: for every image of actual bestiality and murder there are scores of examples of lies, official sleight-of-hand, and subtle intimidation. Some things are very effective: the soldiery cutting the pants off women caught not wearing skirts, the open brazenness with which a telephone is bugged in a luxury hotel, the terror of

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Beth caught in the streets after curfew, the cynicism of some people and the helplessness of others. The film was shot in Mexico, which to my inexperienced eyes looks Chilean, or chilling, enough.

Some aspects of *Missing* work simultaneously for and against it. Since most of what happened to Charlie is conjectural, the film must shroud it in darkness. This is frustrating for the viewer, but also, in its way, more frightening; moreover, it conveys perfectly the agonizing perplexity of those who search for Charlie. A lot of the film is told in flashbacks, and there is even one scene that keeps changing as two disagreeing eyewitnesses relate it differently. Such devices make for a little suspense in a story whose outcome is never in doubt, and introduce a measure of technical bravura; however, they are also gimmicky. Certain major questions, such as just how politically committed or involved Charlie really was, are left unanswered, which may provide our imagination with too much of a playpen.

There are also some outright errors. A crucial diary in which Charlie recorded some of the evidence of American military involvement he stumbled on at a seaside resort was somehow not confiscated when his arresters ransacked his and Beth's apartment. Yet nothing is made of it for several reels until Beth casually produces it and reads aloud from it. On the trip to that resort, Charlie was accompanied by a young woman photographer, Terry, a friend of his and Beth's. She saw and heard just as much as Charlie did, yet she is not liquidated, and is allowed to leave the country. Two young Americans who seem to be involved in publishing an anti-Pinochet newspaper are arrested; one is released after some torture, the other is killed. The latter is the cockier of the two, but I would still like to know more about the reasons for the disparity in their fates.

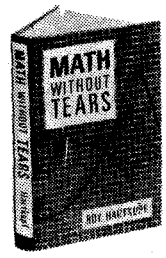
There are also two serious moral difficulties. One is the very strong implication that no American citizen could have been executed without the tacit, or not so tacit, approval of our embassy or consular staff. This is a very serious charge, and the case the film makes for it is not compelling enough. The other is the emphasis of the plot, which, for sound enough dramatic reasons, is forced into an ethical embarrassment: it must make the survival of one American seem infinitely more important

than that of countless Chileans. Oh, and one more minor complaint: a top villain is referred to as Admiral Huidobro. Now, Vicente Huidobro was one of Chile's—the world's—great lyric poets; couldn't another name have served for this unsavory purpose?

Still, the film is, I repeat, impressive in its controlled but efficacious use of grimness and violence. In the writing, there are a few minor lapses, however. There is a coy passage drooling over Saint-Exupéry's overrated fable, *The Little Prince* (it could be meant ironically, to show the naïveté of Charlie and Beth, but I doubt if it is so intended); there is an obviously and derivatively symbolic white horse escaping along the post-curfew streets of nocturnal Santiago and being machine-gunned down for purely allegorical reasons; and there is the following brief but overloaded exchange during one of the searchers' weary collapses: "*Ed:* What kind of world is this? *Beth:* You sound just like Charlie." In the son's horrible end, father and son are finally reconciled; yet death as the leveler of the generation gap is just a mite precious.

On the other hand, the growing understanding between Ed and Beth is developed with quiet simplicity, avoiding all stickiness. This is helped immeasurably by the understated yet potent performances of Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek in the leads, surrounded by an extremely effective supporting cast. There is first-rate, unattitudinizing cinematography by Ricardo Aronovic, and Françoise Bonnot's editing has hairline perfection. Whether or not

MATH WITHOUT TEARS



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you agree with its politics or historiography, *Missing* should be seen.

Another political film, Volker Schlöndorff's *Circle of Deceit*, is much smaller potatoes. Though it was shot in and around Beirut and has the authenticity of viciously ravaged locales, it manages to throw no light whatever on the Lebanese conflict. Slaughter and destruction become a mere framework for the trendily political, sexual, and existential agonizing of its boring foreign-correspondent protagonist. You seldom fathom just who is currently shooting at or executing whom, and for what precise reason, or how the German correspondent-hero's troubled marriage back home and quirky love affair in Beirut reflect or are influenced by the civil war.

The film, written by Schlöndorff and his equally pretentious and untalented wife, Margarethe von Trotta, along with Kai Hermann and the overrated Jean-Claude Carrière (from a novel by the late Nicolas Born), is sheer preposterous posturing, with hardly a shred of credibility in the story and characterizations. But Beirut is there, genuinely devastated and well photographed by Igor Luther. Unlike *Missing*, *Circle of Deceit* insists on its being a work of fiction; yet it is its incidental, documentary aspects that give it a measure of harrowing memorableness. □

TELEVISION

SLOW-MO WAUGH

JOSEPH SOBRAN

I didn't get an advance screening of *Brideshead Revisited*. I'm watching it the way all the other highbrows are, week by week. And right now I'm wondering why it should take so much longer to watch—12 hours in all—than the book took to read.

Henry Kissinger said once that the nice thing about being a celebrity is that when you bore people, they think it's their fault. That seems to be the way with these British TV imports. They're so awfully high-toned and elegant that—well, it must be our fault.

Let's be sensible. Who would want to see *King Lear* itself in slow motion?

Show of hands, please? Ah . . . nobody? That gentleman on my left looked as if he was ready to raise his hand if someone else did, then (if I may say so) chickened out.

Never have I seen so many pregnant pauses as in this *Brideshead*. One might go to the kitchen for a Pabst during the pregnant pauses and miss nothing but the pregnancy itself, were one plebeian enough to contemplate drinking a Pabst during a production so august: Olivier, Gielgud, Claire Bloom, Oxford, Venice, the magnificent English country house . . .

Poor old Olivier, for one. At 75, sickly, his voice and looks gone, he can't suggest the "Byronic aura" Waugh tells us Lord Marchmain is at pains to suppress. He may need a stunt man to do the death scene. Gielgud, 78, seems much younger in his cameo role as Charles's father. He is funny, and for a moment one remembers that Evelyn Waugh had a hand in all this.

All the Marchmains in this version are charmless, and—worse—lifeless. One wonders what on earth it is about Claire Bloom's gently priggish Lady Marchmain that drives her husband to everlasting hatred and her son to drink. Diana Quick's Julia speaks her snappy lines with leaden insolence, instead of the provocative flare that could perversely beguile one. Brideshead, the elder brother, is supposed to be charmless because he's holy, so Simon Jones has some excuse, and Phoebe Nicholls as Cordelia might seem likable rather than goody-goody if she were in better company.

Anthony Andrews as Sebastian is a pretty boy and a good actor; one wants to acquit him, since we have only Waugh's word for it that Sebastian's Teddy-bear affectations are charming. It's not his fault, nor ours, that one tires of him.

Then there is our hero, Jeremy Irons as Charles Ryder. With a face of unrelieved saturninity, on which a smile appears to be a somewhat painful contortion, he reminds one of Henry Daniell, the fish-eyed villain of the old Basil Rathbone Sherlock Holmes jobs. (One can still catch Henry on Channel 9 in the wee small hours.) What on earth do he and the Marchmains see in each other?

Faithful to the book? One better believe it! That is, if one calls stretching a three-hour book into a 12-hour marathon faithful. Every detail is there, in lingering, longueuring close-up. It's like Gilbert and Sullivan conducted by Otto Klemperer.

Auberon Waugh assures us that his father would have approved of this production. I hope not. But maybe he would. The novel itself fails to convey the supernatural overtones it intends to counteract the Marchmain charm. This *may* be deliberate; I'm not sure Waugh didn't mean Charles to be so thoroughly earthbound that he could only experience the divine in a kind of brute sense. If he hadn't seen it—in Lord Marchmain's deathbed gesture—he wouldn't have believed it, because he is deaf to its music. But I suspect Waugh could impart neither faith nor charm. The book strikes me as unassimilated autobiography, full of memories whose fragrance for Waugh never reaches the reader. So Waugh might have relished the way the TV production dwells on the whole mise-en-scène. That doesn't mean anyone else should.

But it's hard to believe he would have liked the bare rumps and things (I understand there's a breast or two coming up) that give too much weight and a too obvious carnality to the homosexuality he only hints at. It's also confusing. If Sebastian and Charles are meant to be seen as lovers, why does Charles show no concern when Sebastian sinks into his later debauches? He hardly notices. It's all so very 1982. Waugh's world may be kinky, but it is not anomic.

This version is. Which only aggravates the defects of the book and will take more than a miracle in the last reel to correct. What is needed is irony, a hint that there is a world elsewhere, beyond

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

"EVEN THE liberals," writes Richard Viguerie, "have realized deep in heir hearts that America was never nade up of 200 million liberals. Even it the peak of their power the liberals ometimes gave signs of worrying that hey might face a massive uprising on he right." And now, the contributors o *The New Right Papers* (St. Martin's, 75 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 0010; $12.95) will tell you, they are.

It did not of course happen over-ight: "Ronald Reagan," as William A. Rusher observes in "The New Right: Past and Prospects," "did not spring ull-blown from the brow of Jove in 980 or any other recent year . . ." The contemporary conservative move-nent really began to knit, Rusher be-ieves, in 1964, "when the Goldwater ampaign introduced the conservatives f America to one another.") But it *has* appened: the product of 16 years (and nore) of intensive and patient work, eavened by the conservatives' discovery f what, according to Viguerie, "liberals ad long known: that single-issue pol-tics is only an aspect of coalition pol-tics. We learned to organize, lobby, nd bargain just as our opponents had een doing for so many years." The onservative victory of 1980 has been liscounted by many observers who be-ieve that, as soon as it becomes ap-arent that Ronald Reagan is unable to epair in four years what the liberal Democrats have spent five decades vrecking, "the people" will turn their ack on him and return in 1984 to usiness-as-usual, by reuniting Ted Ken-edy or Walter Mondale with his patri-nony. Robert W. Whitaker, the editor f the present volume, pours cold water n the conventional wisdom by pointing ut that massive counter-revolution at he polls was precisely what many Re-ublicans expected of 1936, an election ear Whitaker believes will be the in-erse model for 1984.

Nevertheless, Reagan's winning coali-ion will not hold together without much work; what is needed most partic-ularly, in the opinion of Whitaker's contributors, is the acceptance of the New Right by the Old Right as an equal partner—in other words, to raise the standard of social conservatism be-side the standard of fiscal conservatism. Put another way, it requires the willing-ness of the old Republican elite to tol-erate, from the perspective of its "cos-mopolitan ethic" (as Samuel T. Francis puts it in "Message from MARs"), Burke's "little platoons" of human so-ciety (family, church, small town); their traditional moralities and verities.

Correctly or incorrectly (probably cor-rectly), the New Right—which Viguerie defines in "Ends and Means" as a "new style of non-party conservatism"—con-siders itself to have been the most im-portant factor in the election of Ronald Reagan, and to be indispensable to the future of conservatism. In these essays on the courts, the Soviet Union, the "middle-American radicals" (MARs), imperial Washington, and other subjects, its spokesmen show themselves to be almost as complexly differentiated as the conservative movement as a whole. Mr. Francis calls for a polity whose chief interest is economic growth: Thomas Fleming, a Southerner and hence by his own estimation a "real conservative," calls for a conservatism that places moral values ahead of mar-ket ones (and "The Bear" above *Loon Lake*). Jeffrey Hart ("The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Modern American Conservatism") wants Billy Graham and the Reverend Jerry Falwell to say *Yes!* to life in their own or somebody else's bedroom.

FOR MY money the best essay is Clyde N. Wilson's brilliant, elegantly written "Citizens or Subjects?" in which he ar-gues that republican virtue in America is being replaced by imperial habits, and that—to the degree that the Amer-ican malaise has anything to do with politics—the battle is between the "coun-try" and the "court" parties. Obviously the New Right is finding its literary voices, and among them Mr. Wilson's is one of the most silver. □

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Charles's range. Unless we sense this, God, when He makes His appearance, will really appear a *Deus ex machina*, arbitrarily popping in to vindicate His prigs. As John Calvin would be the first to agree, the story has been made grim enough without that. □

ART

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST IN THREE DIMENSIONS

RUTH BERENSON

It is to be hoped that the Guggenheim Museum's current offering, "Kandinsky in Munich," will initiate a trend among those who compile art exhibitions, but not so much because of its subject. Kandinsky—the first artist to make the leap from representation to abstraction, thereby becoming a pivotal figure in twentieth century art—is something of an old story, especially at the Guggenheim, which, in its early days as The Museum of Non-Objective Art, practically cornered the Kandinsky market. Even so, this show—the first of three the Guggenheim will devote to him in the next two years—presents a youthful, experimenting Kandinsky who is largely unfamiliar to American audiences, and this alone makes it worth visiting.

What elevates the show into a possible trendsetter, however, is that it tries to explain Kandinsky's development in terms of the historical and cultural environment of the formative years 1896 to 1914, when he lived and worked in Munich. Rather than adopting the usual formalist approach, which focuses the spectator's attention exclusively on the artist and relegates information about the forces that helped mold him to the catalogue and an occasional label, this show features Kandinsky's early paintings, as well as his woodcuts, jewelry, ceramics, and designs for dresses and embroidery. These are interspersed among related objects made by his teachers and his coevals, as well as documentation about Munich's cultural life. The result is a truly three-dimensional view of the artist in his place and time, and a glimpse of a city whose role as an artistic catalyst in the halcyon years before World War I appears to have been nearly as crucial as that of Paris.

In 1902 Thomas Mann wrote a short story in which Munich is described as a place "where art blossoms, art reigns, art stretches her rose-wound scepter over the city and smiles." Allowing for a young author's hyperbole—Mann was only 27 and his story made Munich into a modern Gomorrah—this show proves he didn't exaggerate. Not only artists but writers like Stefan George and Frank Wedekind were actively campaigning against the naturalism that had long dominated German literature; Wedekind was one of a number who contributed satirical sketches for the political cabaret, *Die Elf Scharfrichter* (The Eleven Executioners), which opened in 1901 and quickly became famous all over Germany. Among others associated with it were numerous artists, including Kandinsky. Together they formed the nucleus of The Phalanx Society, a lively showcase for aesthetic radicals.

Kandinsky was thirty years old when he decided to abandon a promising career as a lawyer in Moscow and study art in Munich. He spent a year learning the rudiments from a conservative painter, Anton Azbe; he also studied with Franz von Stuck, an esteemed academician who, paradoxically, was also a sort of Symbolist and hence close to the avant garde. The latter was then caught up in Jugendstil, a kind of German counterpart to French Art Nouveau. Unlike the latter, Jugendstil (which took its name from the magazine *Jugend*, meaning youth) had a cohesive program which Peg Weiss, guest curator of the exhibition and author of a highly informative catalogue essay, describes as containing "the seeds of the altogether new: the concept of an art without objects." This idea was bound to strike a responsive chord in Kandinsky, who even before leaving Russia had been inspired by a similar notion after seeing one of Monet's "Haystacks." Not having recognized the subject at first, he found the painting lingered in his mind as pure color, convincing him, as he wrote later, that "the object as a inevitable element of a picture had been . . . discredited."

Jugendstil design was two-dimensional; line, color, and form were played with at the expense of representation, and color, especially, was thought to speak a language of its own, like music. Jugendstil artists hoped to create an aesthetically determined environment which would destroy the materialism of modern life. Like William Morris and his disciples of the English Arts and Crafts movement nearly half a century earlier, they believed in the elevating and purifying power of art. Also like Morris, they considered the applied arts, architecture, and urban planning to be the equals of pure painting and sculpture, so that most of them, including Kandinsky, worked in a bewildering variety of media.

One hopes before long to see more from such versatile, gifted figures as Hermann Obrist, who designed furniture, embroideries in whiplash patterns and sculptures (including a maquette for a monument in the form of a rampeed spiral that could have inspired the Russian, Vladimir Tatlin, in his Constructivist "Monument to the Third Interna-

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ional"); August Endell, Obrist's disciple, who shortly after Kandinsky's arrival in Munich was calling for "a new art . . . with forms that mean nothing and represent nothing and recall nothing"; and graphic artists Bruno Paul, Hans Christiansen, Peter Behrens, and Adolf Hölzel. Hölzel's abstract calligraphies, done before the turn of the century, influenced not only Kandinsky but others who were to achieve fame as members of the Blue Rider group of 1912: Paul Klee, Alfred Kubin, August Macke, and Franz Marc.

For the most part Kandinsky rejected the swinging linearism of Jungendstil during his Munich years, though he took over its flatness and love of unmodulated color. Often he clothed his figures in hoop skirts to emphasize their irreality. He sought the naïve immediacy he had discovered in Russian and Bavarian peasant art, the spatial shallowness of Persian miniatures, the "inner sound," as he called it, of Japanese woodcuts, and drew on these and other sources for his unperformed color opera, *The Yellow Sound*, which he wrote to a score by the now-forgotten composer Robert De Hartmann and which is to receive an historical reconstruction directed by Gunther Schuller in connection with this exhibition. This was his attempt at creating the *Gesamtkunstwerk* (total work of art) that Richard Wagner had tried for in his operas and that remained a basic aim of the Jugendstil aesthetic.

Dr. Weiss appears to think that nowhere but in Munich could Kandinsky have written his influential credo, *On the Spiritual in Art*, which owes so much to Hölzel, Endell, Wedekind and others, and that nowhere else could he have arrived at his final break with representation. He was nearing this point at the first Blue Rider exhibition in 1912; he reached it in late 1913 with "Black Lines" and in the four panels he painted the following year for the apartment of a wealthy New Yorker, Edwin R. Campbell. Because of their differing color schemes, these panels have been considered representations of the four seasons; but, in them, color, line, and shape have been totally liberated from objective form and used to create what Dr. Weiss calls "a new spiritual and emotional world."

The break was long in coming, and, as recorded at the Guggenheim, appears to have had a certain inevitability about it. Like that first landing on the moon, it was a giant step, if not for mankind, then for twentieth century art. And, seen in retrospect, it, like the moon landing, appears quite logical: if Kandinsky hadn't done it, someone else in Munich surely would have. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

IN THE BELLY OF THE BEAST: *Letters from Prison, by Jack Henry Abbott, introduction by Norman Mailer (Random House, 166 pp., $11.95).* Norman Mailer's correspondence with Jack Henry Abbott—a 37-year-old convict in the Utah State Penitentiary who has spent all but nine and a half months of the last 25 years in prison—began while Mailer was writing *The Executioner's Song*. From Abbott's letters, collected in this volume, Mailer came to feel "all the awe one knows before a phenomenon." This is a dreadful book in both the informal and the exact meanings of the word. Its level of political thought can be represented by the observation that "Communists *always* behave as anyone would expect real people in a real society to respond to one another." But in the first ninety or so pages Abbott offers concrete and horrific descriptions of life among a

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ferocious "new breed" of American convicts. His exposition of the technique one prisoner uses for stabbing another in the chest is as precise as Hemingway's account of hooking a trout. When Abbott writes of the things he has lived, and not about the politics he has grabbed onto in desperation, he is dignified and commanding. The convict-*versus*-convict carnage last year in New Mexico is considerably less mysterious after reading his book. Mailer has contributed an introduction that is sincere, but often silly on the subject of prisons: "Somewhere between the French Foreign Legion and some prodigious extension of Outward Bound may lie the answer, at least for all those juvenile delinquents who are drawn to crime as a positive experience."

THOMAS MALLON

THE CRAFT OF RALPH ELLISON, *by Robert G. O'Meally (Harvard, 212 pp., $14).* One-novel novelists, a phenomenon as American as fast food or the situation comedy, come in a wide variety of shapes and sizes: Norman Mailer, who used to try to confuse the issue from time to time by publishing a new novel; Katherine Anne Porter, who played a decades-long game of hide-and-seek before bringing out her lone novel; J. D. Salinger, who wrote his novel *first* and saved the fun and games for later. Ralph Ellison fits more or less into the third category, but with a significant difference: his novel was really good, almost as good as its reviews. Indeed, Ellison's *Invisible Man* (published in 1952), flaws and all, still added up to a first-rate work of fiction—not to mention one of the few novels of any genuine literary merit to deal with the "black experience." All of this makes Ellison's subsequent descent into the dismal limbo of work-in-progress at once poignant and exasperating; and one of the various things wrong with Robert G. O'Meally's *The Craft of Ralph Ellison*, billed by the publishers as "the first full-scale analysis of the work of one of America's leading men of letters," is its failure to stare down this distressing semi-silence and its implications for Ellison's long-term stature as an artist. (Ellison has published a total of eight chapters from an unfinished novel since the appearance of *Invisible Man* thirty years ago, a sure sign of a terminal writer's block.) Moreover, Mr. O'Meally's prose is pedestrian and his critical acumen blunt. Witness his grand peroration: "Ralph Ellison is a progressive and accomplished writer and intellectual, an American 'man of good hope' in the tradition of Emerson, Mark Twain, Du Bois, and James Weldon Johnson. His importance lies in his unsinkable optimism concerning his race, his nation, man's fate." Academic Anemia, Thesis Division! *The Craft of Ralph Ellison*, however, isn't entirely hopeless; Mr. O'Meally is surprisingly strong on both Ellison's pre-*Invisible Man* writings and on the novel's rich, idiosyncratic use of folk and blues material. One wonders if he intended the rather bland title to have ironic overtones, though. (Probably not.) After all, it's hard to talk seriously about the "craft" of a writer who, for all his promise and achievement, still fell down so decisively on the First Literary Commandment: thou shalt bear down hard, publish that second novel, and face the music.

ROSS CHANDLER

BING CROSBY: *The Hollow Man, by Donald Shepherd and Robert F. Slatzer (St. Martin's, 326 pp., $13.95).* Discovering that Bing Crosby was an unscrupulous, drunken cad who habitually cheated on his wife is a bit like being told that apple pie causes cancer in laboratory rats. After initially brushing the whole thing off as a pack of lies, you find yourself taking in all the lurid details with horrified fascination; but, once the tale is completed, you end up wanting more than anything else to kill the messenger. In the present case, as it happens, there are two messengers: Donald Shepherd and Robert F. Slatzer, a pair of literary hacks from California who have joined forces to turn out a demolition job on Crosby that is barbarously written but so murderously effective that "White Christmas" may never sound the same again. It seems that (among other things) Crosby deliberately sabotaged the careers of his fellow Rhythm Boys in order to make a start of his own, had to postpone his network radio debut because he was in the middle of a bender, drove his first wife to drink, ran out on her while she was dying of cancer, all but disowned the children of their marriage, and regularly committed adultery with his female co-stars. He even *meant* all those nasty things he said about Bob Hope! Had these appalling revelations been set in the context of a balanced, intelligent biography, they would certainly have evoked the worst kind of dismay; Shepherd and Slatzer, though, are more than content to stick to their hatchets, causing ennui to set in well before the final chapter. Readers of *Bing Crosby: The Hollow Man* will get no sense at all of Crosby's remarkable and lasting stature as a popular artist, though they will find out that he never learned to read music; in the end, one simply wonders why the authors ever bothered to write about someone for whom they obviously cared so little.

TERRY TEACHOUT

THE TAKEOVER BARONS OF WALL STREET *by Richard Phalon (Putnam, 264 pp. $13.95).* During the bullish days of the 1920s, corporate consolidations were a commonplace as bootleg whisky and often twice as potent. The next wave of large business acquisitions, in the 1960s, was encouraged by liberal accounting practices and rising stock prices. By the mid Seventies, company takeovers were proceeding at a frenetic pace, but many more of them were for cash, rather than for such dubious paper as the debentures and "Castro convertibles" of the earlier deals. Shell spent $3.6 billion for Belridge Oil and Kraft, Inc. paid $2.4 billion for Dart Industries. These were only preliminaries for the $8-billion struggle between Du Pont, Seagram, and Mobil for control of Conoco, Inc., and the recent corporate shootout for Marathon. Corporate America has become such a web of interlocking relationships that it's difficult to determine the players, or their products, without a program. Richard Phalon's brisk account of the merger mania involving investment bankers, business leaders, lawyers, proxy hunters, and arbitrageurs reveals the "Takeover Game's" Darwinian dimensions. His primary focus is Sun Oil Co.'s "midnight raid" against Becton, Dickinson Co., a New Jersey medical-supply producer, where a brokerage group nearly succeeded in securing the smaller company's controlling interests by offering to buy the stock at 37 per cent more than the market price. Phalon wonders whether the billions involved in these power-plays might be better invested in improving America's impoverished industrial base. And he worries that the "acquisitive itch" could reduce corporate consciousness to the point where businesses are viewed as mere "trading cards." Yet the author believes that prudent takeovers are a positive economic force because they generate wealth for further stock purchases and venture capital. Phalon thus concludes that while the takeover is "an imprecise tool," it succeeds in competent hands. Moreover, he insists that notwithstanding their occasional excesses, these bold takeovers confirm "that the entrepreneurial spirit still roves the land."

ALAN L. MILLER

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KURZWEIL

(Continued from page 286)

idle, that the country is sinking into poverty and famine . . ."

The guerrillas' struggle for power in El Salvador has reproduced all of these classic traits. Over the last year, since the collapse of the final offensive, they've concentrated on blowing up electrical power stations, periodically blacking out large sections of the country and shutting down industry and agriculture in the process. Without power, patients in hospitals cannot receive proper treatment. Some become more ill, others die. Fires set by leftists destroy the coffee crop. Sabotage, kidnappings, and million-dollar ransoms force businesses to close, drive foreign investment from the land, and provide the guerrillas ammunition for propaganda as they point to the misery they have caused and blame it on the junta. But then the aim was never to improve the lot of the people anyway. Power was all, from the beginning.

"Shortly before his assassination," said Bishop Aparicio, referring to Archbishop Oscar Romero, who was shot while saying Mass in March 1980, "he realized the Marxists' thirst for power was stronger than their desire for social justice."

The guerrillas, as Aparicio described them, are "well-trained terrorists. . . . We see that they have been active at night when we travel the highways early in the morning and find first the heads and then, further along, pieces of bodies blocking the road. . . .

"Ever since the leftist guerrillas lost the final offensive—because the people did not support them—they have turned their anger on the people, especially *campesinos*."

These are the people whom Mexico and France, among others, now proclaim have earned the right to govern their fellow citizens. They are to be included in a new government according to a "political solution" reached through negotiations, a course routinely advocated (at least since it became clear the Left would lose the final offensive) in contrast to the evil of a "military solution." But a new government including any faction or party unable to win representation through free, fair elections would precisely constitute a military solution. The junta would have caved in to the guerrillas solely to avoid further violence and bloodshed. Their "right" to govern would be that of conquest. And for the Left, any other road to power would be hypocritical anyway. If anyone remains unaware of the fact, let it be known that Marxists, deep down, are not democrats. Their ideology presupposes inevitable class warfare, and it would be absurd, according to every principle of Marxist-Leninist theory, to relinquish control of a country to the "genocidal fascist" enemy simply because a majority asked them to do so.

Their "right" to participate in running the country, the right recently endorsed by France and Mexico, is morally indistinguishable from that proclaimed by Maximiliano Hernández Martínez. To allow them to hold power simply because they've proven capable of mounting a creditable war effort—because they can endanger the lives of innocent Salvadorans day or night—would be to repudiate the very principles of legality, democracy, and freedom on which every opponent of the Duarte regime predicates his criticism. It would be to endorse the very political despotism and intolerance the Left itself insists it is fighting to end.

Worst of all, it would be to carry on, newly ratified, the ideas of the past which disallow peace but are tailor-made for rationalizing war. □

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On Liberty

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Anti-Nuke Capers

JOHN P. ROCHE

Boston—The worldwide campaign against nuclear power in all manifestations, peaceful or military, proceeds apace. The *New York Times* provides a useful scoreboard: a month or so ago its Op-Ed page featured an essay by one Donald Morrison describing the impact on New York City of a one-megaton nuke smacking Times Square. Last week the same space carried another terror scenario.

This was not a nuclear weapon, but a truckload of nuclear waste crashing at 57th Street and Broadway. The authors, like Morrison, work for some basically anonymous organization; their article is the intellectual version of the horror movies that seem to be titillating teenagers. Those who know New York will spot a fundamental flaw: the wretched truck is going from Queens to the George Washington Bridge via 57th Street.

Only a driver paid by the authors would take this route—it is comparable to going through downtown Washington on your way from Baltimore to Richmond rather than taking the circumferential highway, routes 678 and 95 in the case of New York. In any case, this huge rig, presumably en route to the Henry Hudson Parkway, which bars trucks, bashes at Broadway and takes out millions of innocents.

From this vision of apocalypse let us shift to another mordant theme: the storage in the United States of nuclear weapons. Through some bizarre employment of the Freedom of Information Act, the Washington Center for Defense Information, a cousin of the Institute for Policy Studies, was provided with the geographical location of these weapons dumps. It made page one of the *Times*.

In the abstract, who can oppose freedom of information? But fun is fun: will we next learn the details of missile targeting from the Center for Defense Information and the *Times*? At a time of high unemployment, this seems to put a number of KGB jobs at risk.

However, the *Times* was not going to let it go at that: on February 8 it ran what is predictably the first of a series of piggyback stories on the nuclear arms dumps. Reporters have doubtless been sent to each of the storage areas to inquire how the locals feel about the neighborhood.

The first precinct to report was Ovid in upstate New York, near the Seneca Army Depot fingered as the storehouse of various tactical nuclear warheads. The Presbyterian minister stated that "nuclear weapons are immoral. They can not be justified on any Christian principle [and] must be banned."

An admittedly deficient Christian, I would agree with the Reverend Unger, but broaden his anathema to include all weapons. As a Lateran Council rightly proclaimed in 1139, the cross-bow was "a weapon hateful to God and unfit for Christians." Perhaps he shares my view, but that was not on the agenda: the topic was nukes, and the quote was splendid.

THEN there is the Vermont Referendum Caper. Activists have put on the agenda of 60 per cent of the state's town meetings a resolution calling for "a mutual freeze on nuclear weapons by the United States and the Soviet Union." These folks have taken lessons from the Moral Majority on formulating a question, reminding me of a call requesting my views on several current social issues.

Question 1: "Do you believe that the Bible, cherished by Jews and Christians alike, should be banned from our public schools?" The questioner got quite impatient when I suggested the Bible had not been banned; "it could probably be found in several versions in school libraries for perusal by those interested." But he continued.

Question 2: "Do you as a parent believe the state should come between you and your children on basic questions of morality?" When I began by saying I thought it excellent if the state would prevent parents from flogging children to "drive the Devil out of" them (Mother's formula), he hung up.

The citizens of Vermont's town meetings will probably not have the time or interest to investigate the similar ballast in the genial options they are handed. Nor will most of them realize that a "freeze" on nuclear deployment by both sides is an integral component of the current Soviet negotiations gambit, most recently publicized by TASS on February 10.

This sounds like equivalence, but in fact reminds me of the equivalence in Australian rabbit stew; one rabbit, one kangaroo. Moscow won't add to its incredible arsenal of theater nuclear weapons if we agree not to begin real compensatory action. A neat stunt; wait for the headlines if it plays in Vermont. □

AL HAIG AL FRESCO

Boston—The recent appearance in the *Washington Post* of some candid quotations from Secretary of State Alexander Haig's staff meetings leaves you wondering. Not about Haig—whose remarks, including a superb delineation of British Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington, seemed right on target—but about the mentality of the leaker. What kind of miserable schmuck would feign loyalty, attend meetings regularly, and then stick a dagger in the chief?

Part of the blame must go to President Reagan for not, figuratively speaking, staking David Stockman to an anthill after that egregious betrayal, chronicled in taped sessions with a "friend," who wrote them up for *The Atlantic*. If Stockman could beat that rap, it was a signal to potential poachers that the game wardens were on vacation.

On the benefit side, Al Haig has now learned why, during his tenure on the seventh floor, Secretary Dean Rusk refrained from talking even to himself. I once kidded Rusk—one of the most underestimated public servants of our time—about his emphasis on security. He would hand-type letters to the President on sensitive matters and have them hand-delivered—his typing was poor, but his message wasn't distributed in five hundred "TOP SECRET—NODIS" copies.

My comment came after we had won a spectacular rubber of bridge with a seven spades, doubled and redoubled, coup; he was relaxed; and we were somewhere in the air between Uruguay and Surinam. He smiled his closed smile and said, in essence, "this way the only people who can quote me accurately are the President, and those he chooses to take into his confidence." When Arthur Schlesinger accused him of being an inert Buddha at meetings, Rusk replied that with Arthur there, he knew anything he said would be all over town in half an hour!

Those of us who served in the White

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House during the Alamo phase, 1966-69, must feel a certain sympathy for President Reagan and Secretary Haig. The President, for example, bungled his summary of recent Vietnamese history at his last press conference, but most of the supercilious critiques were further off historical course than Reagan.

I will spare you a "What really happened in 1954 at Geneva?" article; what concerns me is that the President, like LBJ, is letting the attrition get to him. The people of the United States have never voted for the editors of the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, or any other media moguls, and Mr. Reagan should stop considering them independent sovereigns.

Put differently, the bureaucracy is riddled with people who do not share the programmatic goals on which the President was elected. An overwhelming number are men and women of integrity who consider loyalty to be part of their job descriptions. It is quite possible to disagree, as I do, with large areas of the Reagan agenda without considering the Administration to be a nest of proto-fascists, or sadists who get their kicks from depriving welfare mothers of food stamps.

But it doesn't take very many of the secretly alienated to provide the media with choice tidbits that contribute to the fetid atmosphere of suspicion. The word paranoia is not in order: the Reagan Administration has real enemies. But to order the wagons in a circle and start shooting at everything that moves is precisely the wrong response: it plays into the hands of those trying to generate a media firestorm.

THUS Haig's witty reaction to the documentation of his private sessions was first-rate. The word should also go out on the tom-toms that there is no First Amendment right to hold a job of trust and simultaneously betray your boss. The distinction must be made between disloyalty in the sense of working for the KGB, which is an offense against the criminal code, and betraying a personal trust, for which you get booted down the stairs.

Character is fate: I am waiting to see if Ronald Reagan will be the first President since Harry Truman who was capable of firing someone and then getting a good night's sleep. For thirty years Presidents have been muttering about being double-crossed, but nothing happens. Nixon talked a tough game—and managed to get himself bounced!

For some reason, strong men like Jack Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson would turn mushy when it came to cleaning house. LBJ would always say, "If I fire him, they'll accuse me of McCarthyism." They were accusing him of "McCarthyism" anyhow! When I suggested he appoint an obnoxious sneak director of civil defense on Guam, he brightened up. That job, Secretary Haig, may still be available. □

MIKE WALLACE AND 'WESTY'

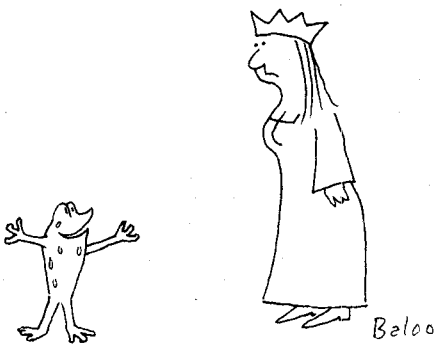
Boston—Readers ask why I have not commented on Mike Wallace's ninety-minute CBS Report of January 23 on "The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception." "Was Wallace right?" "Was the Johnson White House swindled by military figures who deliberately underestimated the enemy order of battle?" "How could Westmoreland have gotten away with it?" These are some of the inquiries. What about it?

First, I did not watch the program. Deliberately: I consider Wallace to be the top mugger in a tough field of TV gonzos and knew he would do a number on Westy. General William Westmoreland is an officer who would conduct himself nobly on a battlefield, but he is no match for a bushwhacker like Wallace. Especially when Wallace is working on his own turf, equipped with the scissors necessary to edit a taped interview.

I obtained a transcript of the show and read it with minute care. It confirmed my judgment of a decade ago when I told the producer of *60 Minutes*, Don Hewitt, I would only go live on Wallace's show. I was prepared to defend our policies in Southeast Asia, but not on edited tapes.

Going over the transcript was a sorrowful task. Poor Westy came out sounding like the village idiot who was unaware his staff was cooking statistics. Or worse, an accomplice, as was suggested by several characters who once lurked in the bowels of the Military Assistance Command Vietnam (MACV) and claimed to have doctored the numbers on order. Several of us among the alleged White House dupes of this exercise have been trying unsuccessfully to find anyone who knew these lads in Vietnam. Another witness I remember as the guy who always brought the coffee and Danish when I visited the CIA's top Vietnam analyst, George Carver.

In short, the only top Vietnam figure involved in the program was General Westmoreland. Was this an accident? Are Ambassadors Lodge and Bunker incommunicado? What about George Carver? Carver and several others including Dick Helms, then Director of Central Intelligence, apparently exercised sound judgment and refused to be interviewed. But what about us White House dupes?



"Take me."

Walt Rostow, LBJ's National Security Advisor, was interviewed for three hours last July. Walt can say a great deal in three hours, but curiously none of his tapes was found worthwhile. Why? Elementary, my dear Watson: in ten minutes Rostow would have informed Wallace's audience that this whole enterprise was bunk. As early as March 1, 1967, I wrote the President in a now declassified memo that I "profoundly mistrusted" MACV's statistics on the enemy order of battle; Walt Rostow completely shared my misgivings.

ROSTOW launched an intensive investigation, aided by General Max Taylor and other dispassionate observers. I have an extremely good memory of much of the evidence, but no notion of how much of it has subsequently been declassified. Let me therefore confine myself to saying that there were two numbers battles: the trivial one on which Wallace focused, and the serious one barely alluded to in his presentation.

The trivial, or Sam Adams, battle centered on whether or not Vietcong political commissars and part-time guerrillas should be counted in their order of battle. Adams, a CIA analyst, wanted to count them; others, correctly in my judgment, discounted them.

Adams, who inspired Wallace's efforts, began his campaign against this censorship, as he saw it, a decade ago. He played his tune for the congressional intelligence committees, and was sent off without thanks or credibility. He has been looking for an audience ever since and lucked into Wallace. His argument is as specious today as it was in 1969.

The serious argument, the one Walt and I and others were vitally engaged with, concerned the number of North Vietnamese regulars (PAVN) in the South. It hinged on some tough questions: Do you count the support troops on the Ho Chi Minh Trail? What about the PAVN regiments parked in Laos and Cambodia? We were not worried about some part-time VC planting pungi sticks; we did want to know how many regulars were poised in Cambodia fifty miles from Saigon.

Finally, we expected the Tet offensive (though the date was a surprise) and vigorously suppressed it—except in the American media. Only in Hué, occupied by PAVN, not part-time bush fighters, was there a serious military struggle. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Soviet Weakness?

On The Right

New York, Feb. 26—It is correct that two estimates of the current threat posed by the Soviet Union are at war with each other. They are, however, reconcilable, if only one would take the trouble. One school says the Soviet Union's might is decisive. The other says the Soviet Union is falling apart.

Years ago James Burnham, the retired strategist and philosopher, said about the Soviet Union that we chronically overestimate its strength and underestimate its menace. Those were the days when the Soviet Union was not strong in international missilery, and now of course it is. But its weakness as a thermonuclear superpower in the Fifties is replaced now by a weakness of a different order. The Soviet Union is on its knees economically. And just as, in the Fifties, by reason of a failure of resolution, we stood by while the Soviet Union acquired its massive nuclear artillery, so now we are standing by while it wrestles with its economic weaknesses. In the Fifties, Soviet sympathizers in America dispatched to Russia the secrets necessary to get on with its nuclear development. Today, American businessmen and a Republican Administration stand by passively while the Soviet Union takes such measures as are necessary to survive its economic ordeal.

We have now the head of the Chamber of Commerce, no less, taking issue with Mr. Reagan on the subject of any economic sanctions. Mr. Donald Kendall has for years argued that vigorous trade with the Soviet Union would benefit the West, a position with a noble lineage in free-market analysis. It is assumed that the exchange of goods has the effect of loosening internal rigidities and urging along the benefits of liberalization. This is true in classical analysis. If a backward economy desires to trade, it comes soon to discover the uses of capital, of the division of labor, of organization, of market testing, and all the rest. But in a society closed like the Soviet Union's, there are over-arching methods by which the economy can be kept closed; and even if every Russian were tomorrow to find himself free to purchase a bottle of Mr. Kendall's Pepsi-Cola, the probability that the Soviet Union would march to economic democracy is slight.

It is wise at least once a year to remind oneself of Trotsky's response to the inquisitive revolutionary seminarian who wondered how the little Communist state would set about to achieve world socialism. "We run our finger around the perimeter of the capitalist world," Trotsky replied, "and where we feel a weakness, there is our salient." Characteristically, the West has persistently refused to apply Trotsky's doctrine in its own behalf. Even though, just because a Communist said it, it is not for that reason contaminated. If a Soviet doctor were to discover the cure for cancer, we would not hesitate to adopt it. But we have refused to run our finger around the perimeter of the Communist world, to strike where we find a weakness. Ours has been a doctrine of coming up with a counter-salient. The Russians blockade Berlin? We mount an air supply operation. They strike in Korea? We defend Korea. They press in North Vietnam, we press back in South Vietnam. They now reintroduce bacterial weapons, we call for reintroducing them. We appear to be incapable of acting decisively on distinctive Soviet weaknesses. These are, of course, economic, and spiritual.

The Soviet Union would have a most difficult time arranging credit sufficient to take care of indispensable problems at home, let alone the problem of continuing as a primary military power. And to whom does the Soviet Union then turn for credit? The West. The Soviet Union has yet another bad harvest and needs bread: and to whom does it turn for bread? To American farmers. The Soviet Union fears above all things emergent native disloyalty and incipient separatism; and the United States discourages the dissemination of appropriate news and analysis over our broadcasting facilities.

It is this fear of striking our own salient that commits us to that perpetual defensiveness under which a country that has presided over the cultivation of misery for its own people and for all other people over whom it exercises its dominion emerges as the overpowering alternative to freedom and abundance. That is the problem in the absence of the discovery of which Mr. Reagan's foreign policy will suffer the incoherence of its antecedents. □

REFORMING THE COURT

New York, Mar. 2—Mr. David Brink of Minneapolis, the recently elected president of the American Bar Association, has written to me to criticize a recent analysis supporting the right of Congress to modify the jurisdiction of the federal courts. Mr. Brink is given to prose so apocalyptic that he even goes so far as to quote Fritz Mondale, whose rhetorical specialty is despair over the failure of Congress to pass a 100 per cent tax surcharge on anyone whose income is over 15 grand or so. Anyhow, Mr. Brink informs me that Mr. Mondale has said, "If statutory efforts to alter constitutional rights and remedies could be made successful merely by reciting the word 'jurisdiction,' the Congress could overrule any court decision, and the Constitution would be just a piece of paper." What he does not understand is that in the view of a growing number of responsible Americans, the Constitution has become exactly that—a piece of paper, sitting there, available to the Supreme Court on which to transcribe its legislative will. If this sounds extreme, permit me to remind Mr. Brink that nothing I have said has not been said with equal emphasis by members of the Supreme Court itself who deplore the Court's penchant to rewrite the Constitution—to make it exactly that, a piece of paper.

Mr. Brink writes that I am obviously motivated by a disagreement with certain court decisions. "These happen to be areas in which . . . you are in sharp disagreement with constitutional interpretations by the branch of the Federal Government to which constitutional interpretation was entrusted by our Constitution, namely abortion, prayer in public schools, and busing and other means of school desegregation." Now that is a most astonishing statement coming from any lawyer, let alone the president of the American Bar Association. It would be fascinating to learn just where in the Constitution the courts were vested with the power to write policy on prayer in public schools, abortion, and busing as a means of desegregation. The Constitution says plainly that all

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legislative power shall reside with Congress. Is it not for the Legislature to decide what are the appropriate means of achieving desegregation? If abortion is a civil right, can Mr. Brink kindly advise how it is that this, being so plain in the Constitution, was not discovered until 1973? I will go further and ask Mr. Brink, who I assume graduated from law school before 1973, kindly to point out where he, when the presidency of the American Bar Association was merely a gleam in his eye, announced, like Christopher Columbus making a landfall, that he had discovered a "constitutional right" heretofore virtually undreamed of?

Mr. Brink goes on: "Neither the proponents [of the redefinition of juridical authority] nor you, I believe, would favor stripping the federal courts of power to protect, for example, our First Amendment right to free speech, free assembly, or the free exercise of religion." Well, it is in pursuit of the free exercise of religion that a number of congressmen wish to pass legislation authorizing prayer in the public schools. What Mr. Brink is saying is that anything the Supreme Court affirms can only be revoked by passing a constitutional amendment. In so doing he professes a kind of judicial ultramontanism that is thoroughly alien to a society that set out to be self-governing. You cannot simultaneously be governed by elected representatives and by appointed judges. The whole argument is about the division of authority, and such totalism as Mr. Brink expresses amounts to a supine and anti-historical genuflection before a kind of judicial authority never contemplated by the same people who wrote the Constitution.

The psychology of some lawyers is an interesting subject. They are men brought up in the adversary process, and in almost any such situation only the antinomians will reject the kind of relief experienced from The Last Word. The Supreme Court, for such gentlemen, is The Last Word. And it comes as something of a relief, given the difficulty they tend to encounter in establishing right and wrong, truth and untruth, in a complicated world of litigation.

Most lawyers will go along in admitting that the Court, in exercising authority, has made a few mistakes. Most people will admit it was a mistake to permit the internment of Japanese-Americans during the war, and before that, to uphold the right of Americans to travel to Kansas, Nebraska, and points north and west, with their slaves.

Mr. Brink should acknowledge that the weight of tradition and scholarship simply does not hold Congress powerless to act in the event of usurpation, any more than the Courts or the Executive are powerless when faced with extravagant claims by sister branches of government. It is very difficult to understand exactly how the proponents of a careful manicuring of the predatory claws of the Supreme Court are acting other than as guardians of American liberty. □

SENATOR HATCH'S S-234

New York, Feb. 28—They teach you in college English courses to "generalize by particularization." Helen Hayes did that admirably when testifying in favor of Senator Hatch's bill with the ungainly title of The Community Home Health Service Act, more readily referred to as S-234. What she said to the Committee was: "You know, we have lengthened life through science. We are living longer. My grandmother lived to be seventy. My mother lived to be 74. I am 81, and here I am, seated in the Senate Hearing Room, making a lot of noise." Miss Hayes's noise has always been welcome, and besides, her point is profound.

Add to it two particulars. Try, the next time you are seated in the company of a half-dozen friends, asking around the circle the following question: "Except for medical developments of the past fifty years, would you be living today?" A ghoulish kind of thing, but a nice introduction to reality. I tried it once, and only two of the six of us would have survived, having been born a half-century earlier.

Now to the two data above, add this, that by the turn of the year 2000, Senator Hatch's staff has projected that the number of Americans 65 years and older will have increased by 35 per cent. This is an overpowering development. One has only, for instance, to add 35 per cent to the present cost of maintaining the elderly, then add longevity, and then subtract from the number of under-65-year-olds who must pay the bills in order to get some idea of the economic corollaries of advanced good health.

What S-234 seeks to do is look at nursing homes and hospitals and ask the question: "Does Mrs. Jones, or Mr. Smith, really need to be there?" The idea is to deinstitutionalize the nursing home, to cause it to be not the first thing the family thinks of when the elderly parent develops problems—for instance in climbing a staircase to the bedroom, or getting in and out of bed—but the last.

Helen Hayes, who has devoted much of her time recently to exploring the problem of the aged, came across one man who had been 13 years in a nursing home, and what he missed most "was taking a snack out of his own refrigerator." "This may not be much," said Miss Hayes, "until all the small decisions are taken out of your hands, and you find that your great age has reduced you to a child."

So there are two objectives to be pursued. The first is to render old age more pleasant than it is for so many people. This, to be sure, requires a stimulation and an ethos biblical in its authority ("Honor Thy Father and Mother"). The newspapers are currently reporting the dissipation of this ethos where it once was so strong, in the Orient. Any society, like Mainland China's, that can subscribe to a doctrine that holds that human beings are merely stochastic concatenations of chemical particles, governed by historical dialectic, cannot be expected to hold sacred the rights and pleasures of elderly parasites. So that *caring* about the elderly comes first.

The second objective of S-234 is to diminish the burden on those who do the caring. The bill envisions a number of innovations, among them a tax credit of up to $500 to families that look after elderly dependents. If daily care is needed, say in the form of an injection, isn't it cheaper to have the housewife go and be taught how to inject? Or to bring a nurse in once a day to perform the injection? When the alternative is taking the grandmother and placing her permanently in a home?

In 1979 the cost of nursing-home care reached almost $18 billion, over one-half of it furnished by the Federal Government. It is time to experiment with other means of caring for the elderly. Even if the dollar figure isn't reduced, the quality of life can be greatly affected. It is good news that the Committee voted in favor of S-234 by a margin of 15 to 1, and Congress should reflect that, in showing a concern for the elderly, they are showing also a concern for themselves, down the road a bit. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. What the British commander took while temporarily fortunate — 12 23 54 80 159 104 47

B. A lodge for men with 33 teeth each (unless there's a false note!) — 27 24 102 14 68 85 143 129

C. Possesses — 84 70 77 60

D. At the present time — 41 15 105 78 25 124 121 131

E. A castle in Spain that was built by the Moors — 53 120 69 29 111 26 38 151

F. Fame — 72 17 30 136 141 62

G. VOUCH DENT (Anagram) — 145 100 43 35 18 168 7 153 134

H. Jealous — 71 101 152 3 19 170 79

I. Long-time Yankees outfielder — 28 49 74 90

J. First name of Harding's Navy secretary — 156 63 20 86 176

K. The kind of briefcase a diplomat might carry — 61 88 94 67 36 55 73

L. Pleasure — 140 81 116 6 42 75 89

M. What Huckleberry Finn used in making a living — 135 1 162 127 155 37 91 31 166

N. A word that would describe Ruth, Grange, Jones, Tunney, et al. — 146 107 150 144 32 122 119

O. Scolded — 21 45 64 82 93 5

P. WET NINE (Anagram) — 161 97 125 175 8 103 128

Q. What the Magi would be called today — 167 123 112 171 56 126 34 4 118

R. A description of Nero Wolfe's creator — 177 113 58 10 132

S. The last letter to the Greeks — 44 138 130 98 11

T. To pass off as genuine — 169 108 114 13 163

U. Ridiculous — 2 142 149 157 133 92 109

V. It's over your head! — 137 158 174 65

W. Forms of art not always found in galleries — 66 154 50 95 110 173 160 115

X. A beautiful girl who lives in Oklahoma — 76 106 96 33

Y. Disapproved of — 9 117 99 147 165 172 139 39

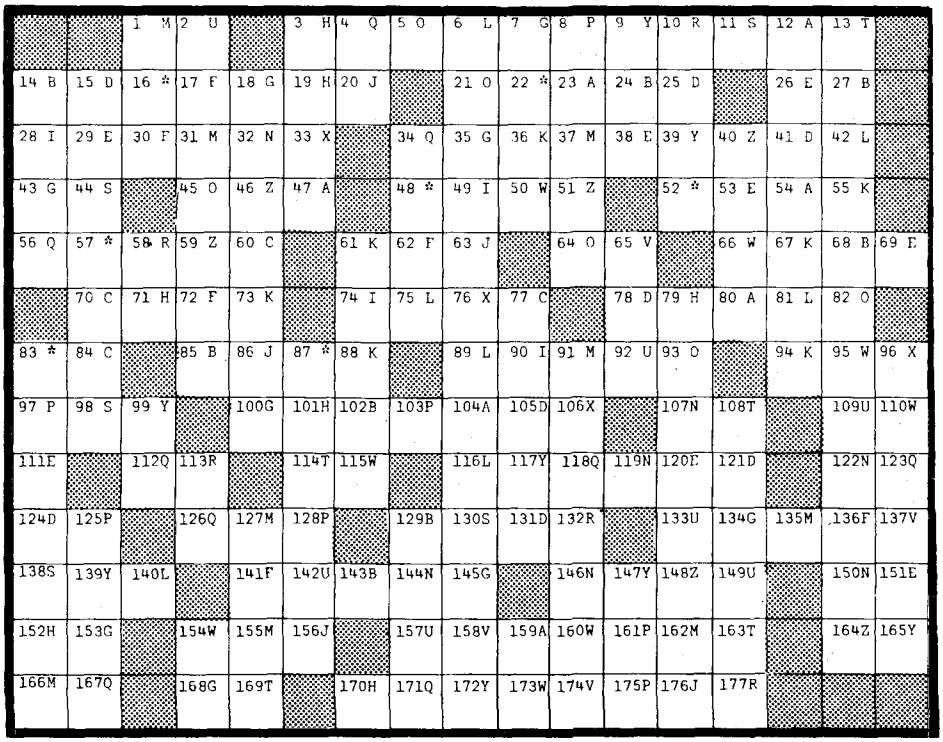
Z. Resembling a certain nocturnal bird of prey — 46 59 164 40 148 51

* Instants — 16 22 48 52 57 83 87

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 316 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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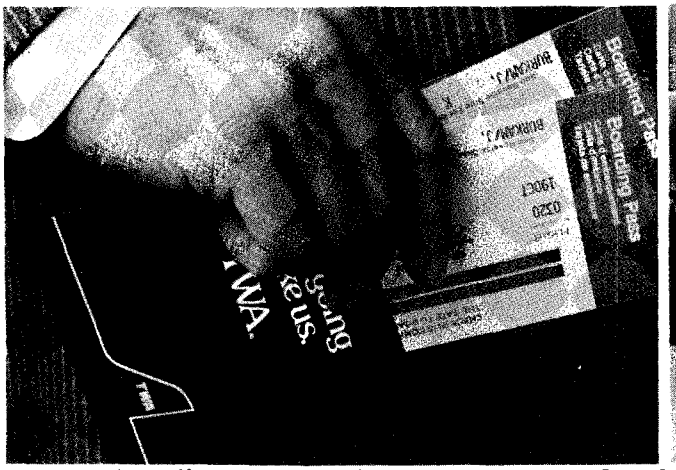
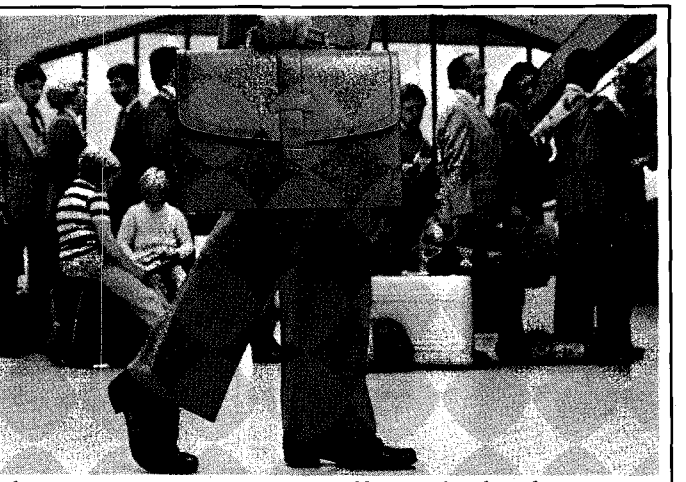
Express yourself past check-in lines on TWA.





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